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1715—1915

TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE ESTABLISHMENT

of

The Friends Meeting

AT

NEW GARDEN, CHESTER COUNTY,
PENNSYLVANIA Pa.

SEVENTH DAY
NINTH MONTH EIGHTEENTH

1822064

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF CELEBRATION

Those appointed by the preparative meetings, both branches of the society:

Ezra Webster, *Chairman.*

Ethel P. Jefferis, *Secretary.*

Phebe S. Gawthrop, Martha M. Thompson, Amos Barnard, Jennie H. Jefferis, Lawrence Thompson, Elma Webster, Sarah Moore Cooper, Truman Cooper.

Program—I. Frank Chandler, Elma M. Preston, Truman Cooper.

Publicity and Invitation—Elma M. Preston, Amos Barnard, Nathan P. Walton.

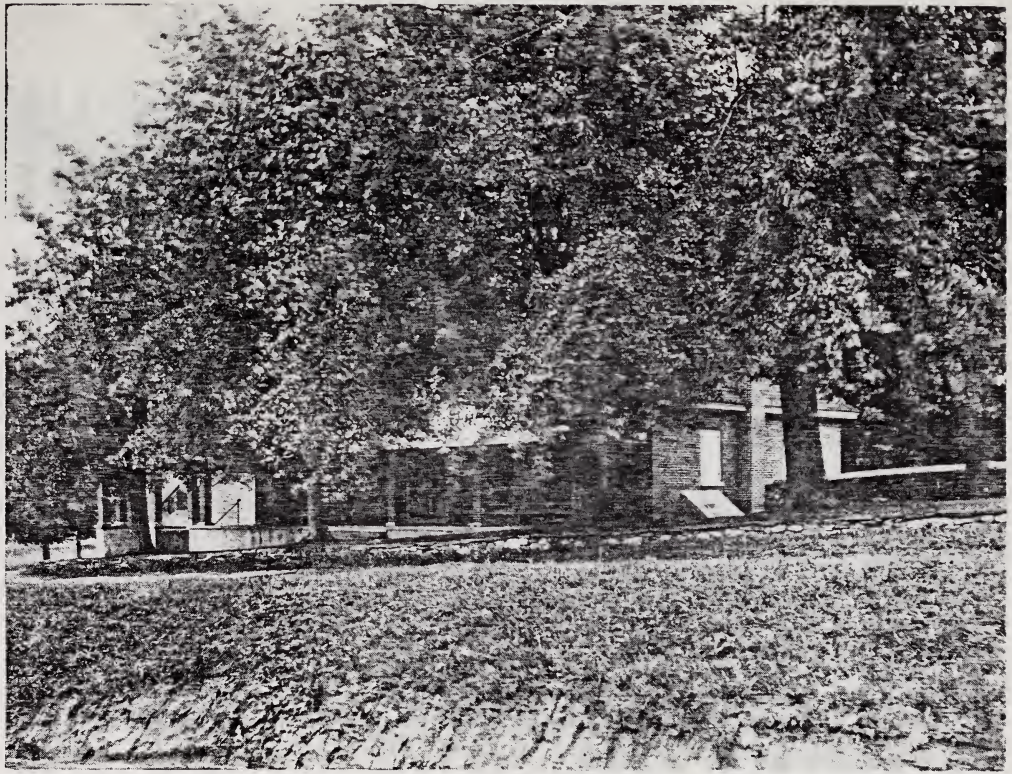
Transportation—Ezra J. Webster, Lawrence Thompson.

Preparation of House and Grounds—E. Wharton Shortlidge, Benjamin Walton, Lewis T. Brown, Edward O. Thomas, Harold T. Cooper, W. Lewis Schrader, H. Llewellyn Chandler, Howard Pratt, Walter E. Schrader, Ellwood Webster.

Providing Lunch—Sarah Moore Cooper, Ethel P. Jefferis, Annie I. Pusey, Anna B. Cooper, Jennie H. Jefferis.

Souvenir—Benjamin Walton, S . Anna Chandler, Eva Wright Wollaston.

Treasurer—Lawrence Thompson.



NEW GARDEN MEETING, WHERE ANNIVERSARY WAS CELEBRATED

INTRODUCTION

In compiling a book to make a record of such an event as the 200th Anniversary of a little religious meeting established by a little group of plain people in almost a forest country; a little group of men and women, quiet and unassuming in their demeanor; plain, outspoken and direct in their communications, simple and so-called "peculiar" in their garb and all their habits of life, the query naturally arises why did we of this generation think this at all worth while? It meant much thought to make it a success, much time in the preparation, taken from the pressing activities of our busy, present day lives, was it really worth while was a grave question with some.

The answer came back to the descendants of this little group of 200 years ago, still living in this community, in other queries. Was it worth while *for them* to brave the hardships recited in the history found in this little volume to establish this New Garden Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends? Was it worth while for them to separate themselves from the well established churches and go back to the simplicity of worship taught by the great founder of Christianity and seek the freedom of this new country and build a little log house where they might meet and mingle for spiritual uplift? Was it true that "As iron sharpeneth iron so doth the countenance of a man his friend?

They believed it was. They found comfort and soul elevation sufficient to bring them long distances through great hardships thus to meet together while the world outside exclaimed "See how those Quakers love one another."

With these queries stirring the minds of Friends and friendly people of this neighborhood the answer seemed to come clear that it *is worth while* for us to mark this 200th milestone in some appropriate way, hence the appointment of ten Friends (five from each branch) in 5th month, 1915, with power to add to their numbers and appoint sub-committees to perfect the plans and carry them to execution. How well they wrought must be left to those who gathered at New Garden on that perfect autumnal day and to those who carefully peruse these pages.

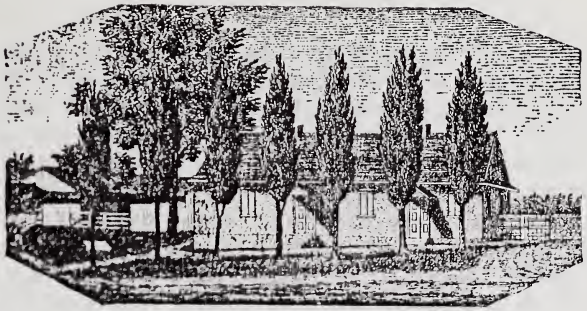
That it was worth while for those pioneer Friends who settled within the then far-reaching limits of the quaint little

meeting house at New Garden is our belief, because they based their faith on foundations, that two centuries have not shaken and the influence of their lives has been passed from generation to generation until we of the present day sometimes feel that our kinship and fellowship with them is closest when our aspirations are keenest to make *our* journey through life truly worth while, when our soul longings are deepest for a closer touch with and surer guidance by the Divine spark which they felt would illumine every human life that turned to it for counsel. If their dependence upon this "light within," their belief in the fatherhood of God for every man and woman and the universal brotherhood of mankind were strengthened by assembling together it surely was worth while.

If their conselling together helped them to be more active and firm in the promotion of the principles of peace and good will, the equality of the sexes, the moderate use of all things useful and abstinence from all things hurtful, so far as their knowledge went, if it helped them in daily living and practice of those qualities that make for the sanctity of the home, the betterment of the community and hence the righteousness of the nation and the whole world, it emphatically was worth while.

To the Friends of this locality since that time it has seemed worth while to continue to hold these meeting to mingle together, to counsel together at the same old place and we of this generation believing it has been good for them and for us, felt impelled to show our appreciation of our inheritance at the beginning of another century.

The whole community response to help was so hearty that in accordance with that spirit and feeling the committee found encouragement to send out over 2000 of the following invitations.



New Garden Friends' Meeting House Built in 1743.
View as in 1850.

THE PLACE—New Garden Meeting House.
THE TIME—Ninth Month 18th, 1915. ALL DAY.
THE EVENT—OUR 200th BIRTHDAY.
WHO'S INVITED?—*Thee* is our *special* guest.
WHO'S COMING?—Thee and *all* thy friends.

WHAT'S DOING?—Just Lots—Memoirs of 200 mighty years, their events, their people; chronicles of those gone, recollections by those here, original brevities by those just coming, visions and ideals of New Garden and Quakerism in the centuries yet to be—all by domestic and imported folks who know what they know, know how to tell it, and know how to quit when they have it told.

You need not bring lunch. Buy it from us. Philadelphia Caterer.

Will meet you at Toughkenamon.

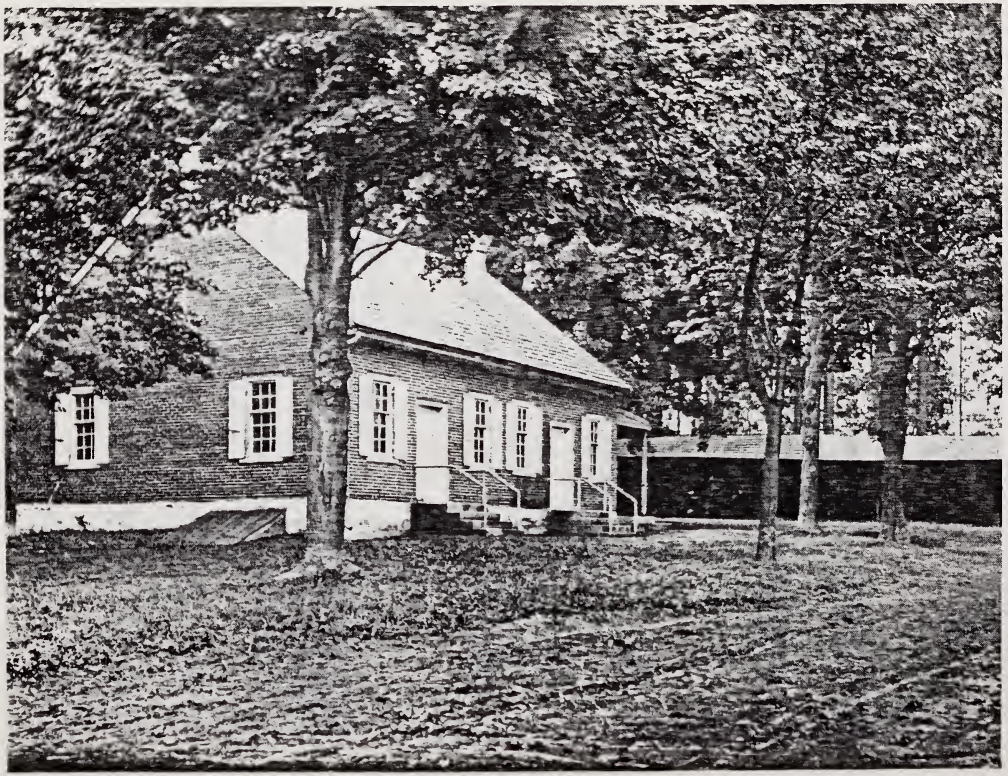
EZRA WEBSTER, Toughkenamon, Pa.
Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

When the real work of preparation for the welcome and accommodation of our guests began was the time that the helpful spirit of the community was proven. The platform and seating capacity under the dear old trees, the trimming and decoration of the platform and the artistic booth for the registration and also the sale of badges, pictures, and "Quaker Ladies" showed the work of willing hands; the twenty autos so cordially granted to the transportation committee, the two auto trucks of provisions, ample for a crowd, brought by the caterer, Isaiah W. Linton, of Philadelphia, and the crowning of all by the ideal day caused hearts to rejoice when the grounds were made so thoroughly alive by what was estimated to be about 2000 people, 1356 having registered in response to the invitation.

The program as given you will find in the following pages. It is now left for us who aided in any way in the preparation of the day's proceedings or partook of the results of that preparation to *prove* whether this anniversary celebration was indeed worth while. Have our ideals for true living here and now been enlarged? Are we stronger and braver to reach those ideals? As we know each other better do we love each other more? Has that love a broader horizon for its boundary helping us to a keener sense of justice and fair dealing with all people in every station of life?

Will our answer to these questions be, without hesitation, "Yes, it was *worth while*."

ELMA M. PRESTON.



FRIENDS MEETING, BUILT IN 1830

PROGRAM

1715—BI-CENTENNIAL—1915

NEW GARDEN FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE

SEVENTH DAY, NINTH MONTH 18, 1915.

Program 10:00 A. M.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, I. Frank Chandler, Toughkenamon, Pa.

RESPONSE . . . . . Benjamin F. Whitson, Moylan, Pa.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF NEW GARDEN MEETING—
Sarah Moore Cooper, Avondale, Pa.

ADDRESS—"The Promise of the Eearly Friends"—
Francis R. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.

POEM, by Mary L. Barnard—Read by Eugene Barnard Nelson

SCRAPS OF FAMILY HISTORY. Augustus Brosius, Avondale, Pa.

RECITATION—"The Quaker Widow" (Bayard Taylor)—
Mary B. Cooper, West Grove, Pa.

2:00 P. M.

REMARKS . . . . . Zebedee Haines, West Grove, Pa.
(Zebedee Haines was prevented from being present at the Anniversary on account of sickness.)

JUST A WORD FROM OUR LITTLE FOLKS—
In charge of Mary H. Tudor, Avondale, Pa.

ADDRESS—"Our Opportunities and Responsibilities"—
J. Barnard Walton, Philadelphia, Pa.

PERSONAL REFERENCES AND INCIDENTS—
Truman Cooper, Avondale, Pa.

ADDRESS—"The Forces that Make for Unity in the Churches"—
J. Mason Wells, Kennett Square, Pa.

POEM—A Concert Exercise—"We've All Our Angel Side"—
First-day School Class of Young Folks.

OFFICERS

TRUMAN COOPER, *Chairman.*

I. FRANK CHANDLER, *Vice Chairman;* (who presided at the afternoon session.)

ETHEL P. JEFFERIS, *Secretary.*

READING FROM THE SCRIPTURES AND GREETING

By Truman Cooper, Avondale, Pa., Chairman.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Friends—We greet you not only as *our* guests today, but as guests to the memory of your departed ancestors, who aided in the founding of New Garden Friends Meeting.

Your presence in such large numbers brings gladness to those who have been active in the arrangement for this Bi-Centennial celebration—here's a grand *reunion* of families, friends and *churches.*

Some of you have left your homes early and journeyed far to be with us this morning; we trust at your departure when the day is done, it will not be with a sense of disappointment.

There are among you the faces of very many who were familiar at New Garden more than forty year ago. It's the home of your childhood that welcomes you back. It's your fore-father's land—and that land has much to be thankful for. In all its past years of civilization it has never been torn by battles or blood-hed, it has never been bowed in sorrow by pestilence or famine.

The subject-matter which has been prepared for our entertainment today, has been gleaned with care, but doubtless you will observe errors, and omissions as well, for which we will beg the indulgence of your charity when criticising.

The purpose of our thus observing the present anniversary is that it shall be an occasion of entertainment, of instruction, and that the bonds of our Christian Brotherhood shall be strengthened by it.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Today, Friends, we meet to commemorate the 200th anniversary of this meeting, and upon me has devolved the pleasant duty of extending to you a greeting.

This occasion to me, Friends, is an inspiring one and when I look around and about me, I naturally wonder what I can say that will make this welcome warmer and more hospitable.

The softened faces of our older friends, the beaming countenances of those in the middle walks of life, and our younger friends, ever joyous and gay, all of these willing and ready to do their duty wherever way may open; these speak to me of a welcome louder than any words of mine can tell. It is true, friends, that the little primitive meeting houses, scattered here and there throughout our land, like our public schools, have wielded a beneficial influence in shaping the characters and moulding the Christian lives of many who have gone forth from these, making them worth while, by achieving prominence in their chosen localities and vocations.

Everything that tends to make a nation powerful, a people intelligent, progressive, respected, is embodied in the principles and testimonies of the Society of Friends. Among these is temperance, which today is stirring the country from coast to coast, likewise the cause of equal suffrage giving to our wives and sisters and mothers the same rights as given to men, and above all that of peace. How happy, how thankful all should be, that we have at the head of this United States a man who holds most dear and near to his heart that principle of Peace, one of the fundamentals of the Society, as against war and preparations therefore.

Friends, we meet today not as members of any one religious denomination, for I see before me many of other religious faiths, and we are glad that you are here and we greet you all as friends. Many of you have left kind friends, comfortable homes, travelled long distances to help share in the festivities of this day. May this be a pleasant recollection to refer to in by-gone years; may you not be disappointed in the realization of what you expected to see and hear on this 200th anniversary.

Such meetings as these, are opportunities for meeting old friends and renewing by-gone fancies and recollections. Many

new acquaintances will be made and impressions left on the mind that will either elevate or lower us in the estimation of our friends.

This union of forces, with different ideas and interchange of sentiments, make us better men and women, with a broader and keener sense of view; more liberal in our judgment, and more willing to forgive, as well as forget.

There are many here today outside the doors of any religious faith. We extend to them the right hand of fellowship, hoping that this day will find you working with others in some religious organization for the advancement of God's kingdom here on earth. Of yourself little can be done; in unity of purpose there is strength.

Do we as Friends, as followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, realize the great responsibility that rests on us individually? Do we know that the profession we make, if truthfully, honestly, and justly applied, is in direct accordance with the will of God and will lead us into paths of peace and righteousness.

And now, friends, when you go from here may you count this day pleasantly and profitably passed; may all of us have felt the touch of the Divine in our presence today. Again I say, welcome to all.

I. FRANK CHANDLER.

RESPONSE

By Benjamin F. Whitson

THE response to the welcome that has been extended to us is apparent without any expression of words from me. The presence here this morning of so many from other localities, who have come because of former residence in this vicinity, or associations that are dear to them, is proof that we believed we should be welcome whether anything were said about it or not. Surely it is cause for gratitude when in the spirit of good will, old neighbors and friends are summoned to meet together and "renew their youth," on a spot dedicated to religion, and for a purpose fundamentally religious.

Just what expression from me would be proper under these benign circumstances has been the subject of considerable thought with me. But, as your Committee has given me neither limitations nor instructions, perhaps it is permissable for me to be quite informal, and to say just what I feel in my heart to say.

My memory runs back to the day when Mark Hughes and Priscilla Hoopes were married in the other Friends' Meeting House down the road a little way. I was quite a small chap at that time, and didn't know any better than to go without having been formally invited. But I was a member, and the meeting was a regular mid-week meeting, and so I had a right to be there. The house was so crowded, however, that I came near sharing the fate of some big folks who could not get inside.

That was forty years ago and the first wedding I had ever attended. My thoughts about religion and about men and women were less analytical than now. I gathered impressions rather than ideas. I have no recollection of any *words* that were expressed, but I was a keen observer of deportment. Probably it would be indelicate for me to say much on this public occasion regarding my childish observations and interrogations. But there was one thing in particular that all thru my childhood and youth I never understood. It was this, Why should we be so decided in our choice of the particular meeting house we should go to, and why should we regard it as wrong to go to other meetings? We used to drive twice each

week to a Friends' Meeting six miles distant, when, in a pretty little grove of oak trees, less than half a mile from our gate, was a Friends' Meeting that, so far as I could see, was just as good (or bad, if that is what one ought to say.) My parents never set me wise to these secrets. It may be that I was not capable of comprehending them. Sometimes we try to comprehend more than is best for us.

Prejudices we know, are strong in childhood, but I cannot recall any feeling of unkindness in our family toward *the people* with whom we could not affiliate in worship. It was their theology, not their conduct, that we could not endorse. Their lives must have been, with rare exceptions, "clean and blameless amongst men;" and at that innocent age, I was influenced by example and emotion more than by precept and theology. The only religious appeal that affected me much as a boy of eight years was the appeal to the Witness for Truth in my own soul. This I was beginning to understand.

Is it not even so with most people all thru life? What they *are* counts for more than what they *believe*. What we *are*, however, is governed, largely, by our beliefs. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," is one of the proverbs of Solomon. We may not be always true to our profession of dogma, but we are constantly expressing in action the convictions that govern us.

I was talking with a man about the war in Europe. He claimed to be neutral, but, as I listened to his denunciation of the Germans, I discovered his convictions on the subject. He was like the fellow who declared "I am absolutely neutral; I don't care who licks the Germans, just so they get licked." (The way to lick the Germans is to treat them as you would treat an irritable and proud neighbor—be just, be courteous, be kind.)

I rejoice exceedingly that the disposition seems to grow stronger year by year for the two branches of the Society of Friends to affiliate. We of the third and fourth generation following that lamentable scism of 1827 are able to see that, as is the case usually in war, both sides were blameworthy; and, likewise, each side had some justice in its contention. But, while the conflict waged, neither side was charitable towards the other, and the result was wasting and destruction on both sides.

In our loyalty to our respective meetings, we all, I fear, have fallen into the error of forgetting our common Christianity. We have been like the Scotchman at the inland mission in China. A young Oriental in the ardor of his newly found

faith, said to the Scotchman, pleadingly: "Are you a Christian?" "Na," said the Westerner, "I am a Scotch Presbyterian."

But a better day has dawned for us all. The generation of those who are of the age I was forty years ago, are likely to find in *unity of service* a unity of feeling; and forty years hence there shall be, I hope and believe, a Society of Friends in America *as united as any other Protestant denomination.* Already the call for standard bearers of peace in a world gone mad with war and *fear of war,* has presented to us, of every branch and class, a field for united action. And, I thank God, the call is heard; and we have men and women, not a few, who, if necessary, will give their own lives in and for this service as courageously as ever men went forth to battle.

But to qualify aright as peacemakers, we should be *at peace amongst ourselves.* All bitterness and wrath and malice must be put away, and we must be loyal to the Prince of Peace in whose cause we desire to enlist. It is not enough that we be simply "clean and blameless amongst men." These are the characteristics of a lazy Christian. They are negative virtues. So far, good; but the need of the hour is *positive* religion. Something more is required of us than merely self-denial. We are called to *take up* something, and to *follow* something. It is not enough that we be negatively *good,* (free from vices), we must be good *for something.*

I have said that deportment counts for more than theology. And yet the difference between the deportment of a brutal savage and that of a tender-hearted Christian is due, to a large extent, to a difference in belief. One worships a god of wrath and lust, the other worships the God of mercy and of love. We are no better than our ideals. It is important, therefore, that we have a true vision of God before our eyes continually—even the revelation which He gave us in Jesus Christ—and we must be loyal to that vision.

For what is Christianity if it be not as defined by Prof. Faunce, the President of Brown University. Christianity, he says, is the *revelation* of a purpose and the *development* of that purpose. Whose purpose? God's purpose. *"It is the revelation thru Jesus of Nazareth of the eternal unchanging purpose of God, and the development of that purpose in the lives and institutions of men."* May we not all unite upon this definition of Christianity? Is not this a true definition of what it must have meant to the apostles and the early church?—the revelation, thru Jesus of Nazareth, of the everlasting purpose of God,

and the development of that purpose in the lives and institutions of men.

As announcers of this supreme revelation, as developers of this divine purpose, the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be lived and taught in a language that the people understand, but its message must be uttered with the same old urgency and directness;—Repent! Repent! Repent! "For God appointed us not unto wrath, but to the obtaining of salvation thru our Lord Jesus Christ."

In conclusion, I beg you to allow me to state in the words of our English Friend, William C. Braithwaite, what I regard as *the basis of belief* upon which I think we already are substantially united, and in which we may labor together harmoniously to the honor of Truth. He says, "Our gospel will find its central inspiration in the Son of Man; whose *incarnation of the Larger Life* made him also Son of God. We shall learn from his Spirit the truth and from his heart the Love of God. The Christ of history will be united vitally in our evangel with the *same life* springing up in the lives of his followers, and leading on to fresh vision and achievement, as the great process of the salvation of humanity goes forward, linked in *one spiritual experience* with Christ and His cross.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

By Sarah Moore Cooper

THE duty of a historian so the dictionary tells us, is to give an account of what has occurred in the past, and also the place and date on which it occurred. As the history of the founding of New Garden Meeting and its progress during the past 200 years has fallen upon me, it would be a very straightforward task to hunt up the records and copy them down, following up the dates and changes that have occurred as time passed on. But I hesitate to follow out that line of history too closely, for it has been repeatedly said to me, "Don't give us too many dry statistics, which we will forget before we get home, but give us something interesting and spicy in our meetings' history."

Had I only known in my girlhood days that this task was going to devolve upon me today, how many things of interest I might have treasured up in my memory, that were handed down to me by my parents and grandparents, all of whom were members and constant members of this meeting almost all their lives; where their marriage vows were spoken, and where, one by one, all that was mortal of them was laid to rest in this cemetery. But there is only a remnant left here and there that I can get hold of to weave into history, and perhaps to fill up some of these strands in the book of memory, I may have to call somewhat upon my imagination, for the angel of death has called home every one of the preceding generation that lived in this neighborhood.

Our earliest records seem to show that the land upon which this meeting house stands, and the neighborhood surrounding it, was patented by William Penn, Jr., about the year 1706. He being about to return to England, left it in charge of his attorneys, Griffith Owen, James Logan and Robert Ashton. The land was not immediately taken, but in a few years several families arrived from Ireland, and, settling there, gave the name of New Garden to their new home, in remembrance of that place in Ireland. The first sale of land was made to Mary Rowland in perhaps, 1708. In 1712 Gayen Miller purchased 700 acres, and conveyances of John Miller, James Lindley, John Lowden, James Starr, Michael Lightfoot, Joseph Hutton,

Joseph Sharp and others, all being Friends, and the whole amount purchased was 5,413 acres, at the price of 20 pounds per 100, or, by modern computation, $1.00 per acre. The east side of the township, next to Kennett, was taken up by Mary Rowland, part of which was occupied by the late Thompson Richards, and the extreme eastern part by James Lowden and others. The central part, which lies east of these grounds near the lyceum house, was owned by Michael Lightfoot and others, while the western part was owned by James Lindley, which is probably the property now owned by the estate of the late Benjamin P. Hoopes. John Miller owned 1013 acres, which extended from the middle part to London Grove township, and from the Toughkenamon hill east to New Garden meeting house, and as far south as the property now owned by Truman Cooper, including the properties of the late Joel B. Pusey, Charles Jones, W. Penn Hoopes, Samuel G. Wickersham and others.

Tradition says that John Miller resided at the old house, recently occupied by Joel B. Pusey, where he built a mill on White Clay Creek, known as the old mill (supposed to be the place where the paper mill now stands), which did the grinding for the inhabitants for many miles around, even, it is said, as far as Lancaster. This was the second establishment of the kind in the country.

In those primitive days the whole country around was covered with forest, and within the recollection of the writer, the Lancaster turnpike extended through solid forest from near the New Garden road to the outskirts of Avondale, then known as the Stone Bridge. It was said that John Miller's wife, having gone out one evening in pursuit of her cows, lost herself in the woods, and after wandering about for many hours in complete bewilderment, at length arrived at her own house and begged for shelter and lodging, without knowing where she was, and so completely was her brain bewildered, that it was a long time before she was convinced of the identity of the place.

These first settlers divided their farms by ditches to prevent the ravages of the Indian fires. Traces of some of these ditches were visible not many years ago. From 1708 to 1712 these farmers attended meeting at Old Kennett, formerly called Newark Monthly Meeting, but as their colony increased, John Miller offered his home for the holding of First and Fifth-day meetings.

A request was forwarded through Newark Monthly Meeting to the Quarterly Meeting to that effect. The following is

a minute prepared by Chester Quarterly meeting, Third-month 4th, 1713: "This meeting, considering the settling of a meeting at or near John Miller's do allow that a first and fifth-day meeting to be kept at John Miller's dwelling house, for this ensuing quarter or until further orders, the said meeting to belong to Kennett Preparative Meeting for the present."

Tradition says that the said John Miller, who owned over 1000 acres, agreed to donate the land on which this meeting house stands, if the colony would build a meeting house. I have been unable to find any official record of any such transaction, but as the property is only composed of about three acres, the gift (if such it was) would not have been any great tax upon his resources, considering the original price of the land.

In Sixth-month, 1713, they sent another request to Kennett, then Newark Monthly Meeting, asking to build the meeting house, which was forwarded to the Quarterly Meeting. The following minute shows the request was granted: "Newark Monthly Meeting requests that the families of the meeting kept at John Miller's, may have the liberty to build a meeting house near Michael Lightfoot's, which this meeting taking into consideration, do allow the same Friends of that meeting to do so, and not to exceed a half mile from the said Michael's."

We can but vaguely imagine the conditions which those early Friends experienced, in this primeval forest, and the hardships, difficulties and privations that were endured, in clearing the forest, and building their lowly and lonely homes, but the religious fervor that burned so strongly within their breasts urged them on to building of a meeting house, and again they willingly gave their time and strength, some hauling stone for the foundations, others cutting the driveways, and others with axe and saw, cut the timber and hewed and joined it until in a little over three years from the time they first settled here a log structure, said to be of hewn logs tenoned into guttered corner posts was erected, and the first meeting was held here in the Fall of 1715.

In this log meeting house those sturdy farmers and their children met twice a week and held meetings for worship. The marriage vows of many of our ancestors were made within its walls. This log cabin, as it were, served their every purpose, and many a powerful sermon, by such ministers as Dinah Lamborn, William Jackson and Jacob Lindley and others, were preached from its galleries. This continued until the year 1743, when the growing population rendered it too small, and it was replaced by a larger brick one, which is now the south end of

the present building. The bricks in this building were said to have been imported from England.

When the log one was taken down, it was re-erected for a barn by William Miller, son of John, who then occupied the Avondale farm. It was later taken down and converted into fuel, to the regret of the venerable Jacob Lindley, whose religious reminiscences are said to have been so excited that he almost deemed it sacrilege to burn that temple made with hands which had witnessed his early devotions. But his remonstrance did not avail to place it above the reach of sacriligious hands.

This meeting belonged to Newark Monthly Meeting which perhaps it might be of interest to state, was originally held in Newcastle county, Delaware, on the east side of the Brandywine, at the home of Vincent Hollingsworth, who called his plantation Newark, and as he gave a half acre for a burying ground and meeting house, this became the name of the meeting. It was held there until 1707, when Centre Meeting House was built, it was moved there for a time, but at length it became settled at Old Kennett and on that account changed the name from Newark to Kennett Monthly Meeting.

In 1718 permission was granted by Chester Quarterly Meeting to establish a monthly meeting here, the first one being held here on the 12th of Fifth-month, 1718. It then alternated with Nottingham until 1729, when they established a monthly meeting of their own. Andrew Moore, and Samuel Miller, who married a sister of Andrew Moore, whose descendants are thickly settled all through this locality, brought their certificates from Ballanacree Meeting, Ireland, in 1723, to New Garden Monthly Meeting and settled in Sadsbury, twenty miles away, it being the nearest monthly meeting.

It would seem fitting on this occasion to pause and reflect for a moment on the fidelity of these ancient Friends in the attendance upon their meetings. We can scarcely imagine the sacrifices and privations they must have endured to leave their homes and duties and travel that distance with no mode of conveyance except on horseback or wagon, to do their part in upholding and carrying out the precious principles and customs that George Fox and his followers had suffered so recently to establish.

At the present day, with all the modern conveniences of travel, and the settlement of new meetings here and there, so easy of access, are we failing in duty by falling so far short in carrying out those things they considered so essential to their well being? Would it not be well for us to stop and think whether we are allowing ourselves to drift too easily

into the current of fast living, greed for gain, and love of amusements, which will rush us on at headlong rate if we choose to enter.

After the separation of Nottingham from New Garden, it alternated with London Grove until 1792, when a monthly meeting was established at that place. From that time it was held alternately at West Grove until 1845, when it began to circulate with Millcreek and so continues until the present time.

Up to the year 1758 New Garden Monthly Meeting was one of fourteen monthly meetings composing Chester Quarter. At this time the meeting had grown so large and the business so extensive, and the members so scattered, that it could not be dispatched in a single day. It was concluded to divide, and the subject was laid before the Yearly Meeting, which was approved. The new Quarterly Meeting was styled the Western Quarter, with London Grove Meeting House as the place of meeting.

Of the fourteen meetings composing Chester Quarterly, nine were transferred to Western Quarterly Meeting, namely—Newark, New Garden, Nottingham, Bradford, Sadsbury, Duck Creek, Hopewell, Fairfax and Warrington.

It surely takes a vivid imagination to picture in our minds the possibility of those early Friends, with no modern modes of conveyances, traveling that distance, in many cases 25 or 30 miles or more, to attend the Quarterly Meeting every three months.

At the time of the Revolutionary War the New Garden Friends suffered greatly from the depredations of the British Army, which passed through here on their way to the Brandywine, where the famous battle was fought. History tells us they encamped near Allen's Tavern, supposed to be the present residence of John Schrader, and scoured the surrounding neighborhood for supplies for the army. Thomas Lamborn, who owned the farm just south of here, still in the Lamborn name, was an especial sufferer. His plain spoken advocacy of the principles of peace as held by Friends not suiting their turn of mind, they took everything available; almost everything that could be carried or driven away, beating the wheat battens against the posts in the barn to get the grain out, then throwing back the balance into the mow, saying, "There, Lamborn may have that."

At another time he was plowing in the field, when some officers of the army detached the horses from the plow and unceremoniously appropriated them to the use of the army,

leaving this defenseless and non-combatant progenitor an astonished spectator alone with his horseless plow in the field.

The records show that at different times he was fined almost 760 pounds or nearly $4,000. On account of being so stripped by the war, he was sold out by the Sheriff, but his brother, William, who lived near London Grove, a very prominent Friend, who always wore his clothes the natural color of wool or flax, and on that account was called "White Grandfather," came to his rescue and bought the property. After selling off sufficient to clear himself, he gave back the balance, 100 acres, which permitted Thomas to remain at the old homestead the remainder of his life.

In these distressing times, New Garden Friends were loyal to each other, and it is recorded that a committee was appointed in New Garden Preparative meeting to attend to having relief extended to the sufferers. The Committee reported that although the sufferings of many had been very great, that none appeared to be in want of the necessaries of life except one family, which they referred to the care of the meeting; and that they generally appear to bear their sufferings with a good degree of cheerfulness.

Friends took early action against the institution of slavery. As early as 1696 members were advised by the Yearly Meeting not to encourage the bringing of any more negroes, and cautions and advices were frequently given by the Yearly Meeting until 1761, when a member was dealt with and disowned, if he persisted in buying and selling negroes, but not until 1777 was the simple holding of a slave sufficient cause for disownment. This ruling of the Yearly Meeting was brought about by the efforts of Isaac Jackson, who lived in New Garden, and belonged to this monthly meeting, who labored in conjunction with John Woolman and others to induce the Yearly Meeting to take steps toward the emancipation of slaves, and it was by his labors that the different steps were taken by the Yearly Meeting, until the right of membership was denied to any one holding slaves. In this service he visited the owners of more than 1100 slaves within the limits of a single Quarterly Meeting.

The assistance that Friends gave to slaves, who were escaping from slavery to a country where they might be free, gave origin to the term known as "The Underground Railroad," and the Friends in this locality were very active in that work. The residence of Isaac Jackson was one of the stations, as also the home of Jacob Lindley, who then owned the property now occupied by Annie M. Lawrence, where the supposed hiding

places are still to be seen. These men usually acted together, and were sometimes involved in considerable personal danger, for the claimants were generally armed and well attended, and were always vindictive and very often desperate. The efforts of the two Friends were in many instances effective and not a few owed to them their freedom.

The home of Joshua Lamborn was also a stopping place for the fugitive slave. At one time a female slave came in a hurry: "Oh, hide me quick, Master after me!" So the good-hearted soul did hide her. Soon the slave-holder came in a hurry, horse panting. "Ho, did you see my slave up this way?" "Indeed, I did, and if you hurry down that road, maybe you can catch her. Go quick!" So he wheeled about and off as fast as his horse could carry him. And old Joshua had her so well hidden that she escaped recapture.

These three families were very prominent and consistent Friends of that day, with strong religious convictions, firmness of purpose, hard to drive against their consciences and persistent in effort. They were a preaching generation, and members of each of these three families traveled in the ministry both in this country and abroad, which are matters of memorial record.

One of the descendants of the Jackson family, John Jackson, was a famous botanist, and originated the once beautiful grounds near West Grove, called Harmony Grove. He had some beautiful aloes planted, on the smooth leaves of which visitors would thoughtlessly scratch their names. He resorted to a mild and ready-witted method of rebuke, by attaching cards to his favorite aloes, having them speak for themselves. Attached to one large one, he had written:

> "Ye Beaux and Belles, I pray, forbear
> My pretty leaves to scratch and tear;
> You little think the pain I feel
> From puncture of your polished steel."

To this the golden-edged aloe replied:

> "Ah, sister, well thou dost complain,
> For I have felt the poignant pain,
> Which, Oh forgive me! almost drives
> To curse their needles, pins and knives.

The prickly pear then chimes in:

"I hear those ryhmers make complaint
In sober style and verses quaint;
But if on me you try your skill,
I'll prick your fingers, that I will."

Thus far in this sketch, it has been devoted to the long ago; let me for a few moments before closing dwell on my recollections of some things that have happened. I see away back in the misty past the old log school house as it used to stand down in the field, with a stone built in the east gable, marked 1777, the date on which it was erected. I see the immense fire place, and can imagine the crackling fire on the hearth, where some of our parents, and their parents before them, huddled around its ruddy blaze, with face burning and back freezing, in their efforts to master the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic," as they were called, which in most cases was the only education they would receive, as the high schools were few and far between in those days, and only the favored few received the benefit. The records say the school was kept up by subscription of the members of New Garden Monthly Meeting until 1829, when it could not be supported by the members alone without admitting other contributors, not members, to have an equal voice in its management. The Monthly Meeting then released its control, and it remained in charge of the contributors until 1838, when the free school law went into effect. It was then decided to place it under the school law. In 1848 this Preparative again resumed the management, with a committee in charge and a Friends' School was again opened, with a member appointed as teacher. The minutes state that it was quite small, on account of so many Friends patronizing the public school, but it was kept open until about 1856, when the committee in charge, with the approbation of the meeting, thought best to fit it up for a dwelling house, which rented for $35 a year until 1872, when the committee reported it in need of so many repairs that the meeting directed it should be removed, and it was accordingly torn down after almost one hundred years of constant service.

And again I see the old Lombardy poplars, eight of them in line, front of the old meeting house, as it was after the north end was added which was done in 1790, and as they stood there like sentinels, guarding the old building, I was reminded of the poet's description, when he said:

Thou, Oh, poplar, tall and taper,
  Reaching up on high,
Like a preacher pointing upward,
  Upward to the sky.

I always looked on those old trees with a certain degree of reverence, and it was with feelings of regret that I saw them hewn down in 1863, and replaced by the present ones, on account of them giving more shade. The new shades trees and the improvements made in the old building in 1905 removes every vestage of the dear old meeting house as I saw it in my childhood days.

Again, I see the long galleries from end to end, as they used to be, and the dear old Friends, who were seldom absent from their accustomed seats: George Gawthrop, Sr., who sat at the head; then Joshua Thompson, George Roberts, Dr. Michener, Jeremiah Starr, Amos Barnard and Silas Stackhouse on one side, while on the other were Sarah Wickersham, Mary S. Michener, Alice Roberts, Phebe Hadley, Phebe Thompson, Mary Starr and Mary Stackhouse.

Jeremiah Starr and Phebe Hadley frequently appeared in the ministry and tenderly exhorted and encouraged us in the way of righteousness and peace. As these dear Friends were called home one by one, I can see their paces refilled by the younger ones, namely, Ellwood Michener, Sharpless Moore, George Webster, Harvey Stackhouse, John Lamborn, John Richards, Martin W. Meloney, Daniel Hallowell, Rachel Hallowell, Rachel Moore, Phebe Webster, Phebe Richards, Alice Stackhouse and Ruthana Michener. Martin W. Meloney and George Webster frequently appeared in the ministry, and both were fearless in expressing their convictions of what our duties should be in following out the principles of true Quakerism, and were especially faithful in making their own lives coincide with the precepts they gave forth to the world.

And pictured in my memory 45 years ago, I see the galleries of the lower meeting house, too, filled from end to end, and these are the faces that come before me as the standard bearers of that meeting: Joseph Chambers, George Taylor, John Thomas, James R. Cooper, Charles Cooper, Mifflin Cooper, James P. Cooper, Jabez Thompson, Caleb Hoopes, and Richard and Daniel Thompson, while on the other side I see Lettuce and Elizabeth Thompson, Rebecca Ann Cooper, Elizabeth R. Cooper, Sarah Thomas, Phebe Cooper, Jael Chambers, Susan Cooper, and Mary Hoopes. Rebecca Ann Cooper, George Taylor and John Thomas frequently apeared in the ministry with messages of love and encouragement, urging us to renewed faithfulness in following out the teachings of our Divine Master, Jesus Christ.

Every one of these dear Friends has gone to their great reward, but where are the faces to fill our galleries today?

There seem to be but few to take their places there, but while absent from that post of duty may we not hope, and believe, that we of the present generation are equally as earnest, but in a different way, in laboring for the uplift, not only of ourselves, but humanity at large.

George Fox has said that one righteous man would shake the country for ten miles around. If that be so, how mighty the influence that would be exerted if all its members were faithful advocates of the testimonies that Friends hold out to the world!

Our predecessors started far in advance of their day in the advocacy of practical truths and duties, and the pure principles they promulgated are springing up with life and power amongst individuals of many different sects. We are making a high and holy profession, and as individuals and a Society, there is a deep responsibility resting upon us, so let us not slumber over the righteous testimonies of our fathers, but let us ever be engaged in still holding them up to the world. And may we also hope that this bi-centennial review of the lives and labors of our predecessors will be an inspiration to us to strive for the goal they so earnestly and faithfully sought for.

THE PROMISE OF THE EARLY FRIENDS

By Francis R. Taylor.

IT will be very hard for any one today not to feel at home here, even if he did not have ties that brought him here and that made him feel at home. Your welcome has been so cordial, and the response has so amply voiced the feelings that we all have, that I can but echo the response that Benjamin Whitson has given in behalf of those who are strangers. In fact, some of us who come to New Garden once or twice a year (and I try to make it a practice to do that) appreciate occasions of this kind.

It is of particular interest to me because my grandfather, Thomas B. Taylor, started in the store right opposite there, and remained there for a few years. My great-granfather, Jacob Taylor, was a farmer down the pike in 1812, and the farm has only recently passed out of the family name. George W. Taylor, my great-uncle, of whom we have heard already, was a very inspiring example to me in my very young days.

This audience also reminds me of the description that occurs in an old letter that I have in my possession, written by my grandfather to my great-uncle during the troublous days of 1827-28. He describes a meeting which was held in this house in which Elias Hicks was expected to preach, upon one of those three or four tours that he made from Philadelphia, in which he would come west along what is now the Main Line, out to Sadsbury and the Gap, then over to the river for Wilmington and Chester. In describing this meeting he said the benches were packed full and people were sitting in each other's laps. The windows were full of people, the doors were jammed, and 200 people in the yard could not get inside. We can see from that the importance of such gatherings as the meetings for worship in those days in the lives of the community.

I regret that it is not my opportunity to go on longer in this vein. The committee has strictly confined us to our subjects, and I believe in sticking to those confines. But those are very interesting recollections in my mind, which make it extremely interesting for me to be with you today.

In speaking of the early Friends 260 years ago (my memory is not very keen that far back, but speaking from

what we are told) I have chosen as a subject, "The Promise of the Early Friends." You will hear this afternoon of the possibilities and responsibilities for the future, but my part is to talk to you of what we have inherited—not to gloat over it; not to presume upon it, but to treat it as a sacred heritage —something that has been passed on to us, not to treasure as an heirloom, but to develop and expand and to apply to modern day conditions of which the early Friends had no conception.

With that in mind, I want to speak to you of one or two phases: First, the machinery or the organization which we have inherited; secondly, and more important, the power behind the machinery by which it is possible for us to keep it well oiled and greased and in proper working trim.

There was no such thing as membership in the Society of Friends until a comparatively recent date. I do not like to indulge in dates very much, but you remember George Fox was born in 1624, and began to preach during the 40's, and died in 1690.

During his lifetime there was very little of what we call the discipline or the organization of the Society of Friends. George Fox did not think of founding a new sect at all. His idea was "primitive Christianity revived." He began to preach during the 40's. I do not know the exact time, but we can take as a nice round date 1645, approximately.

During the 50's the work of the Society was largely carried on by the ministers. There was no membership until 1737, when applications for membership were first entertained; so that during the period from 1650 to 1737 the Society was not a compact or orderly or systematic body, with regular meetings held at regular intervals, with regular queries to answer and regular meetings to attend; but it was a numberless body, because nobody could number them, and composed of very common ordinary people. A very small minority of the membership of the Society was composed of very well educated and wealthy people. There were a great many fishermen, a great many carpenters, bricklayers, and laborers —a great many people of the lower walks of life, to whom the message of the Friends particularly appealed. A great many people were carried into the Society of Friends on the first wave of enthusiasm that swept over England when the "valiant sixty" went out—a great many from the Anabaptists and the other small sects at that time in the Commonwealth—who were not particularly anxious to keep order; so that the people that kept order in the meetings had their hands full

and very often had to put people out and take charge of people who wanted to speak two or three at a time. A Friends' meeting in those days was not the calm, quiet, decorous affair that it is today, but was much more like the Salvation Army, with its fife and drum corps. William Mead and William Penn were imprisoned for speaking from the top of a barrel in one of the streets of London, and because they were disturbing the peace and promoting disorder. That was simply one instance in which one of the wealthiest and best educated men of the Society sacrificed himself in a way that none of us would sacrifice himself today.

Things became very complicated and very disorderly. The work of the church devolved almost entirely upon the ministers; and the ministers were not recognized or recommended as we recommend them today, because there were no meetings to do it. George Fox, like an old Patriarch, was recognized as the father of the church, and the chief one upon whom responsibility rested. Margaret Fell Fox, his wife was the nursing mother of Israel.

Fox developed a group of sixty preachers who went out thrilled with his message and his vision of the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and they spread through all England—sixty men, going two by two, just as the Apostles first had done. I think they must have thought of the same arrangement and how our Lord sent out the seventy to preach. Well, just so the "sixty valiants" went out with the wonderful vision, as publishers of the truth. They went throughout England. They preached in Yorkshire; they preached along the seacoast to the fishermen, and then finally, with great trepidation, they came to London, and were imprisoned by dozens and scores, until one of the first queries at the meetings was, "What Friends imprisoned? What Friends died in prison? What new meetings established?" and there were answers that nowadays we do not have.

That led to a great, enthusiastic, spiritual development which spread over England and made an enormous impression upon the life of the people. It is said that the justices and magistrates of England, even while they were punishing and imprisoning them, could not help but realize that the preaching had a good effect on the people who were affiliated with the Friends in the loose way in which the organization was at that time constituted.

In 1666 George Fox came to London. He had just been released from three years' imprisonment in Launceston Castle. He was weak and poor in body from the hardships of

such an imprisonment as we cannot realize. I think we would deem it hard if we were imprisoned in the Chester County prison for three years. But when released from that noisome dungeon, which you can read about in his journal, where filth and squalor were the ordinary thing, he came down to London, and his spirit was very much troubled. Things were in disorder—great masses of people coming together, eager to hear the Word preached, and eager to hear this martyr of the North, who had been throughout all England preaching the new, yet old Gospel.

He had been preceded a few years by Edward Burrough, another of these "valiants," and Edward Burrough, had said, just as I think was said in the sixth chapter of the Acts, that those who were preaching the Gospel found it difficult to take care of the affairs of the church. You remember that they found that some of the widows were not getting their share in the breaking of bread in the love feasts, and so they set apart seven to attend to that part of the work.

So Edward Burrough came to London before George Fox, and he said, "Ministers cannot take care of this. We have to preach the Gospel; we have to write pamphlets; we must engage in disputes and discussions with the hireling priests; (as the were called) "we cannot take care of these things. You will have to see to it that somebody is appointed that can take care of the discipline of the meeting, and somebody who can see that order is preserved; that marriages are observed in the right way." They could not observe marriages in those days in the same manner as other people, according to the religious rites of the Church of England, and there was danger that the children of their marriages might be held to be illegitimate. They had Parliament against them; the Commonwealth partially against them, although the Protector himself was friendly to George Fox. They had the laws against them. They could not hold meetings of more than a certain number of people. And the ministers could not take care of that; so they set apart a few judicious, spiritually-minded Friends to govern the people, and as George Fox said, "to take care of God's glory and to preserve order and establish regularity among the flock." I think those are about his words. It began with "to take care of God's glory," which was the primary necessity, and secondarily to establish order among the meetings.

That was the origin of the overseers in those days. The modern term "elders" came later. The overseers, though not so called, were set apart first. Then Fox said, "I was moved of God to establish monthly meetings." They also had "Six

Weeks Meetings," but they have long since passed out of existence. The nearest thing that we have today to the Six Weeks Meeting is the Representative Meeting, or the Meeting for Sufferings, as it was called later in England, and which we imported under that name into this country, and which we now call in our branch of the Society (and I presume the other Friends do) "The Representative Meeting." That is the nearest prototype to the old Six Weeks Meeting.

So he advocated the setting up of the five monthly meetings in London, and consequently they were established, and from them there were reports—not from queries as we have them today, but in a more or less informal way. Those meetings were open to everybody who wanted to attend. There was no membership, you remember. They were largely in control of the "Representatives." They do not have anything to do in these days except to nominate clerks at the Yearly Meeting.

They carried up with them reports which we now know as answers to the queries. In fact, in the early days it was recommended that they should bring up verbal reports. I do not know what our representatives would think today if they should be asked to make a verbal report as to conditions in their monthly meetings.

You see, gradually the organization was being perfected Gradually there came around a concentration and amalgamation, until in 1737 they set up regular rules of membership and laid down disownable offences. About 1760 things had become pretty well systematized, so that the Society of Friends was about as near dead as ever in its history. Then London Yearly Meeting called upon a committee to stir up the life in the meetings. That was constituted in a very friendly way. Any one who felt called upon to volunteer his services was sent forth a second time from London. And also on this side of the water there went forth another gigantic effort throughout the entire Society of Friends, and there was a great renaissance, a great new birth in the Society of Friends throughout the world.

Some of us think that about 1905 there was another effort of that kind. We like to think that we are on the eve of another event like this in the present day—a reunited Society, to the extent that it is possible in this twentieth century. We are all ready, waiting and looking for another revival of Friends, just such as occurred in 1760, such as followed the dynamic efforts of the "valiant sixty" of about 1650.

I want to call your attention, Friends, to the reason why the Society of Friends spread so quickly, and I might say,

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miraculously, through England. We have not an organization which leads up to one man. We are at the antipodes from the Roman Catholic situation. We are practically the anarchists of religious freedom. We have always chafed under ecclesiastical restraints. We have no hope; we have no bishops. We have our sub-organizations, and we have our powerful men who constitute the weight of the meeting; but we do not have one man whose *ipse dixit* is final. We do not have bishops or archbishops or ecclesiastical officers of any kind who are able to tell you and me what we should think. We have always chafed under that, and I think the chief significance of the Hicksite separation of '27 and '28 was a chafing under the power of the Philadelphia elders, of the branch to which I belong. That is a pretty big admission for an Orthodox Friend, but I believe it. (Laughter and applause). We have always chafed under restraint of that kind. Do you know that the Discipline was not allowed out of the hands of the overseers and elders until well on in the recollection of some of the older Friends who are here? Now, when we have the privilege of reading the Discipline, we do not half appreciate it. We ought to go home and read it.

All of those things made the people chafe. On the other hand, it was one of the chief factors of the order, that regulated the early thought of the Society of Friends, that there should not be a predominance of machinery. We want far less machinery than there is. I wish that our monthly meetings might be exploded and that we would not answer the queries in cut-and-dried fashion. If anything is to be done, it is wondered whether it ought to be broached in open meeting or not. Half the subjects are squelched outside of meeting. I wish there might be more freedom and liberality. I think that is entirely in harmony with the early plan and contemplation of the early Friends. There has been far more liberality for the expression of unbiased and unprejudiced opinion in our recent meetings than there used to be. Things are now said and permitted as pertaining to the life of the meeting, that heretofore were not permitted to be said, or, if said, were soon hushed up as probably not being exactly proper.

The early meetings of the Society of Friends were able to hold down any improper expression, and yet were able to weigh and sift the chaff from the wheat and to preserve the wheat and to hand it on; and my plea today is that our meetings might reassume that early power and spirit which the early meetings of the Friends necessarily adopted. And there is only one way in which that can be done, and that is by re-

assuming the spontaneity of the early spirit, which drove those sixty men and women—Edward Borrough, John Camm, Thomas Taylor, (he is no ancestor of mine, so I can talk about him); Francis Howgill, John Audland, and others—I cannot remember them all—to go out and spread the message.

They simply started out with the spirit of Paul—"Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." They simply went because there was an impelling force behind them that drove them out, and they went to London, that great citidel of infidelity, which had just seen the fire sweep over it, which they believed to be a judgment of God. They knew that they faced imprisonment; but they went in the power of the Spirit that the early Apostles had behind them, and they accomplished a work that is parallel in very many instances with the work that the early Apostles accomplished in the Roman empire. Oh, if we could get hold of it in its fullness and in its purity! That is essential. If we could get back on that foundation, other than which has not been laid—that foundation of Christ Jesus—and go forth in the power of the spirit of God, to spread the Kingdom of God and His righteousness upon earth, then we would accomplish something.

That is the responsibility and the high privilege of the inheritance that has been received of our forefathers. I believe we are on the eve of something of that kind. I believe Young Friends are training themselves for work of that kind. I believe the Spirit is stirring within us. We only need more faith, more sincerity of purpose, a little more power, a little more prayer, in order to enable us to grasp that power, to appropriate it to ourselves, and then to go forth in the power and in the spirit of His name, and in that power and in that spirit and in that Name to conquer the world—not for Quakerism, because that is only a small branch of it—but for "primitive Christianity revived."

I wish you would take that phrase home. It is as old as the Society of Friends, but were we to take home primitive Christianity revived; were we to show it to our friends of all denominations—Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, Buddhist—I do not care what they are, throughout the face of the earth, and advocate it in the power and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and with the fervor of that "valiant sixty" that went throughout England; who traversed the trackless forests of America; who went to the South seas, and the East Indies and the West Indies; who went to Constantinople, as it is now called, to convert the Sultan; who went to Rome to convert the Pope, with the great dynamic force of a great explosive power, feel-

ing that they were the modern Apostles of an old doctrine—if we were to do that, we could revive from the old doctrine a new, expansive Christianity on the lines of the old gospel which was laid down by Jesus of Nazareth.

That is our high mission, calling and privilege in the administration of this precious heritage which has been left to us by our forefathers. (Applause).

OUR MEETING HOUSE

Written by Mary L. Barnard. Read by Eugene Barnard Nelson.

Our love for the old meeting house
  Has brought us here today,
Where we can greet our many friends
  In the old familiar way.

When a timid child I came here,
  And my small heart throbbed with pride
As I took my seat in the gallery
  Very close to grandmother's side.

Time passed on with relentless speed,
  Bringing changes both sad and gay,
And I from a happy little girl
  Have grown to a woman gray.

In memory I see the meeting house
  Unchanged as in days of yore,
When we sat upon uncushioned seats
  And walked o'er uncovered floor.

The partitions then no barriers were
  To those who loved old ways,
But they, like many other things,
  Are useless these modern days.

The poplar trees that stood in front
  And grew so straight and tall
Have given place to later trees
  That shade the low stone-wall.

Methinks I see the carriage sheds
  Where we children used to play,
But that of late is dangerous ground,
  For the autos there hold sway.

There is a charm about the spot
  Where the ancient horse-block stands,
A charm we never can forget
  Though we dwell in distant lands.

There are not now so many trees
  In the pleasant grove near by;
It grieves me that these old friends,
  Like our human friends, must die.

I look around when I sit down
  In this house so quaint and dear
For friendly faces I used to see,
  But, alas, they are not here.

When I wander to the grave-yard,
  It is there the names I see
Of those long-departed comrades
  Who were so dear to me.

They are not dead, these loved ones,
  But only gone on before,
Where they await our coming
  On the bright celestial shore.

Ah, how they would rejoice with us
  If they could be here today,
To see all the Friends together
  In the good, old-fashioned way.

SCRAPS OF FAMILY HISTORY

BY AUGUSTUS BROSIUS

THE solicitation to participate in the exercises of this anniversary and the consequent investigation through genealogical sources for material, reveals the facts that although never having been a member of New Garden meeting the bonds of kinship are interwoven into many of the families comprising its past and present membership. Therefore in the few minutes that are allotted, it may be well to recall a little of the history that particularly appeals to me, and the part different actors played as factors in various events. From a very early time in the history of this meeting many who love the name of Moore were members and their descendents are still conspicuous through direct descent or intermarriage with very many of the families of the present population. A historical review informs that in consequence of religious oppression under the reign of King James I, the antecedents of Andrew Moore, the one from whom we trace our origin in this country, emigrated from Scotland to Ireland in 1612; and after passing through more than another century of varying persecutions, they doubtless pined for a still more liberal religious atmosphere and Andrew our forefather born in 1688 came to this country, a widower with four children, in 1723, landing at New Castle, Del., and a year later placed his certificate from Friends in Northern Ireland with New Garden monthly meeting; but business interests drew him to permanently reside above Atglen where he was very soon identified with church affairs and was one of the chief instruments in the erection of a meeting house and establishing Sadsbury meeting in 1725, to which, when it became a monthly meeting, he properly belonged. But the fascinations of society here were such that he laid claim to one of its fair damsels, in the person of Rachel Holliday who in 1725 became his companion. Andrew Moore, it is said was a man of considerable literary ability; being a writer of both prose and poetry, as well as a man of affairs, and early gave vent to his energies by engaging in the milling business which he conducted in connection with farming. The records show his prominence in many matters, being frequently called upon to settle difficulties and questions of moment, and it is presumed would be a leading character in the public affairs

of his community. He died at the age of sixty-five years and both he and wife were buried in the burying ground at Sadsbury meeting house. Upon further review we find that our great grandfather David Moore, the eighth child of a family of ten children of Andrew and Rachel, married Mary Williams of Sadsbury where they spent their active life, but later lived with their son-in-law David Fell in London Grove, where they died and are buried in the burying ground at this place. From this union came David our grandfather, born in 1769, the eldest of twelve children, who in 1791 married in West Grove meeting house our grand-mother, Martha, daughter of Joseph Sharpless of New London and through the friendly attractions and associations that have ever centered around this place, he brought her to reside within the limits of this meeting on the property that was until recently the home of Joseph Whitson. He died while accompanying his wife on a religious visit to Ohio and was buried at Redstone, Washington County, Penna. Grandmother married a second time to William Way and lived to be almost ninety-eight years of age and is buried at Pennsgrove, having been for over fifty years an acknowledged minister. From this homestead perhaps the most interesting history to the Moores in this section emanates, and through a multitude of intermarriages, which it would be a task to review, a great many of the residents trace back to antecedents.

Of the twelve children who constituted grandfather's household, eleven of whom grew to be adults, their youngest child, Rachel, was my mother. It is here the most treasured links of my kinship in which I feel a pardonable pride naturally appears more manifest. From this hillside home my mother grew into sturdy womanhood. And even in that earlier time the atmosphere of New Garden must have been of a character calculated to develop the intellectual, moral and physical well being of its people. Assembled with others at this meeting, within those aged walls she doubtless listened with profit to the exhortations and admonitions from ministerial lips. Emerging from this parental home she took her place among the instructors of youth, and from bits of history gathered we infer that the reverence and affection begotten through a mother's love and devotion were to a degree experienced by those who were privileged to be subject to her influence as instructor.

The establishment of a home of her own in an adjacent township resulted in the severing of connections with this meeting and her history therein closes. Perhaps this little personal reference will be pardoned, as the investigation in our family history was a pleasing exercise for the writer and it

was thought that to some the rehearsal would prove interesting and probably cement more closely the ties of kinship.

The remaining ten adult children who came from this home all married, and five of them settled within the radius of a few miles; indeed all the members of the generation thus far enumerated, who lived to be adults, with very few exceptions, entered into connubial relations, and were so thoroughly imbued with the thought "that it is not well to live alone" that they have in some instances made such ventures from two to five times and the earlier records indicate that a family of ten or twelve children was a reasonable household.

The marriage of Moore descendants as given in the records has so widely extended our kinship as to not only embrace a large portion of the familiar names of this section, but also includes residents from distant parts of America and Canada, and up to 1897 gives Andrew Moore's total descendants at 14,089, which record if continued to embrace the remaining eighteen years to the present, would doubtless add several thousand to this number.

The ramifications to which a review of my generation or those younger would extend, preclude the possibility in a brief article of tracing further family history. The part our kindred in unison with many other interested friendly residents has played from time to time in the activities of the meeting and the community would seem to warrant an expression of existing impressions as to how potential has been the effort exerted during the past two hundred years in shaping public thought and spreading influences that tend to beneficent results. This has long been known as a Friendly settlement, and if it has lost some of its exclusiveness, there still remains in its present stable population the landmarks of the earlier time. The generally frugal prosperous condition of the township's citizens indicate clearly that the children trained under the privations to which early settlers were subjected, developed qualities that have descended with their children and render them somewhat conspicuous through prevailing prosperity, and a stranger visiting this community would soon discern the Friendly discipline of the past, the unostentatious but substantial homes and honorable business qualities that it has been a desire to inculcate.

The inherited progressive spirit, the desire to succeed, and industry essential to accomplish the same have not rendered them satisfied to remain where their predecessors left them but enables them to keep pace with the progress of the times, eager for what the changed condition of the age seemed to demand, and they are now seen with greatly diversified business

operations in whatever honorable channels that were congenial, through which has come the ability to enjoy the comforts of life and partake of the proper indulgences that add to passing pleasures. If we attach the importance to heredity that is generally recognized and believe that environment, social conditions and probity of character make their impress on posterity, we should give due credit to our ancestry for bestowing on us traits that have very rarely reflected to our detriment. And the interest and earnestness now evident in matters pertaining to human welfare are but the reflection of the ancestral concern to live worthy the high profession Friends have ever made.

The inheritance that is ours is one that needs no apology; the preceding four generations are shown very generally to have been of a class that gives tone to society and stamps its personality on surroundings, giving its influence for the promotion of such objects as tend to higher culture and human betterment. Recognizing the importance of religious services they have probably maintained their meetings with a fidelity superior to our own, and made manifest the sterling characteristics that not only tend to worldly prosperity but pertain to the enrichment of life. Having for two centuries been subject to the teaching of the simple but comprehensive underlying principle of the Society of Friends, that our Heavenly Father through His direct revealings will illuminate the pathway of all His children if they are in the receptive mood, and recognizing the personal responsibility that is attached to such a belief in the performance of life's complex duties, the natural tendency would be to develop a people with impulses to follow in the footsteps of the Holy pattern and like Him be found giving heed to their father's business. With the inheritance that has come to those of our generations through the sacrifice, industry, fidelity and devotion of predecessors, and with the prestige that their labor has given to our people in the line of reform and worthy endeavor, it is up to us to continue the work so meritoriously conducted, and with the increased facilities which this modern age places at our command, should not the results of our careers mark with at least equal clearness the course of practical effort in the world's reform. And New Garden Meeting with its past as encouragement, its large membership for future endeavor, the outlook brings much for the third century upon which it is now entering. With such an equipment and with continued devotion to God, home and country, there should be a vision clearly portrayed for the promotion of the eternal truths that tend to righteousness.

THE QUAKER WIDOW

BAYARD TAYLOR

[*Recited by Mary B. Cooper in the Friendly plain dress and bonnet.*]

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah, come in. 'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us in need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming 'round the lilacs and through the apple trees.

I think he loved the Spring; not that he cared for flowers: most men
Think such things foolishness,—but we were first acquainted then
One spring; the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this; 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross alone in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years; it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day
But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what best to say.

Then she was still; they sat awhile; at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father, Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost;
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest—
Oh, dear! the cross was ours; her life's a happy one, at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she is old as I,—
Would thee believe it, Hannah! once I felt temptation nigh!
My wedding dress was ashen silk, too simple for my taste;
I wanted lace around my neck and a ribbon at my waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes; I felt more fear than pride.
Till "In the presence of the Lord," he said and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but now I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life;
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, has been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind.—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread;
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'twas she stood up with me;
And Abner Jones with Benjamin, and now they're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death, the Lord disposes best.
His spirit comes to quiet, and fits them for his rest;
And that he halved our little flock was merciful, I see;
For Benjamin has two in Heaven, and two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—'twas not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine,—young people now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue;
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps, lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face;
And dress may be of less account; the Lord will look within;
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth; she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned;
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

TWO HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY
NEW GARDEN MEETING
1715 - 1915
NEW GARDEN
MEETING HOUSE

CHILDREN'S EXERCISES

Eighteen children, ranging in age from four to twelve years, representing the families of both branches now belonging to New Garden Meeting—gave a well-rendered exercise, under the direction of Mary H. Tudor.

Promptly at two o'clock they were seated on the platform to form the letter U. Each one wore a light blue ribbon badge from shoulder to waistline, plainly printed "1715 New Garden 1915."

They arose and repeated in concert as introductory—

We are little children of "The Light"
  And represent both meetings,
On eighteenth, ninth month, nineteen fifteen
  We greet you, with hearty greetings.

We welcome to our New Garden spot
  Every one, both young and old;
And if you're not, we wish you *could*
  Be one, to come within the fold.

They then came forward two by two and each one told in original rhyme their name and a bit of their family lineage. The exercise concluded with the following given in concert.

'Tis said "A little child shall lead them,"
  So come and join our throng,
And be led by this "Inner Light,"
  For it will teach no wrong.

Those who took part were: Ruth Richards, Ruth E. Hoopes, Sara S. Sweigart, Sara M. Thompson, Marian Sharpless, Frances Goodwin, Lydia Richards, Mary Richards, Elizabeth Thompson, Maud A. Larkin, Mary Parrish, Roland Parrish, Edwin Kay, Franklin M. Cooper, Katharine Starr, Chandler Starr, Herman B. Anderson and William George Nelson III.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

By J. Barnard Walton.

FRIENDS, the great days of the Society of Friends are in the future—in the future, I say, for I will not let that part of my subject be taken away—"The Opportunities and Responsibilities of the Society of Friends in the Future."

That may be a little less practical than just "Opportunities and Responsibilities," which ties us down to the present; but let us be dreamers for a little while. This is not in any sense of disrespect for the two hundred years of noble past of this Meeting, or the two hundred and fifty years of noble past of our Society. That has been a wonderful achievement; but let us draw our minds for a little while to the future. The future is longer than the past; yes, and it is broader and deeper. For that reason every moment of it should be the richer. We have the experience of the past to guide us at the start, and each task should therefore be the better performed.

Let me draw your minds, then, just for a moment, to the future, and this is the thought with which I would bring them. I came on this little gem from one of the Russian exiles. Madam Breshkovsky writes from her exile in Siberia, at the age of seventy-one—one of those grand old women, called the "grandmother of the Russian revolution"—at that age when many of us think that the processes of the mind tend to become fixed and crystallized. We say we dwell in the past. That is often said of the Society of Friends—that it has become conservative and dwells entirely in the past. Friends, it is not so; for listen to this, from this old lady of seventy-one, who has been eighteen months in solitary confinement in northern Siberia, and who writes to a correspondent in America. I clipped it from this week's issue of "The Survey." "All your letters reach me now. Today I got that in which you speak of someday having the story of my life. Dear child, perhaps you will not believe me, but I tell you seriously that I do not know my own history. I have not felt it. It was always my soul that was in action, and the direction taken by it from childhood never changed; so that its history would be monotonous, too. The details of my material life interested

me so little that I do not remember them clearly, and every time that it happens to me to read the memories of my old comrades, I am always surprised at what they say about me. It makes me smile. I have to make an effort of memory to recall the past, so far as it concerns myself. The only thing I can say with certainty about myself is that all my life I wanted to be good and worthy, and that up to this moment I am correcting my faults and imperfections. In regard to others, it is their moral inclination, their psychology, which are the object of my observations, rather than anything else. Also, I must say that it was always the future that especially preoccupied me. The past and the present touch me in so far as they precede, in so far as they give hope of such or such a degree of perfection of human life."

That is the Quaker type of mind. Don't you see the mysticism in it? The world is full of them. There is another mind that dwells in the future about which I wish to tell you a story today, for I think it is particularly appropriate. It was the first time, I think, that I ever heard Henry W. Wilbur speak, and he dropped a couple of phrases that have sunk into my mind, so that I could not forget them, and they have clinched with me his message.

He was speaking, of course, on his usual theme—the future of the Society of Friends—and he said: "In New York, where I come from" (for he was living in New York then and addressing a Philadelphia audience—he referred to the other place by courtesy) "there are two types of mind—a kind of pessimism and a kind of optimism, and I do not know which is more deadly. The pessimist says, 'The Society of Friends is dying out; there is no hope in it; you see our meetings getting smaller. Everything is just fading away.' There is no possibility of getting those people to do anything for the future. The optimists are about as bad. They say, 'The Society of Friends and its principles are all right; they always have been. People are coming to them; all the world is coming to recognize the Friends' principles. We need do nothing but sit and fold our hands and everything will be all right.' Both of those two thoughts are equally deadly, for they would not bring us to anything in the future."

I could never forget that thought, which seemed to me to be always the central thought of Henry W. Wilbur's life—that the Society of Friends has a future. That was said twelve or thirteen years ago, but the message is practically the same today. At that time we did not have our summer schools. A fellowship meeting like this, in which both branches came to-

gether, was a doubtful venture. The influence of Woodbrooke was scarcely beginning to be felt in America. I could go on and name all those signs of awakening life that Francis Taylor referred to in the growth of the last ten years that have impressed many an intelligent observer.

Now, we know that we have made some progress, we do not need the eye of a prophet to see a future for the Society of Friends. To us the message is clear. We need merely take it and get that conviction, that consecration, which Francis Taylor has said this morning has been bequeathed to us, and from which I am bound to take my subject this afternoon, in order to carry the message on.

There is a great future for the Society of Friends. I say it not in a sense of glory, not in a sense of reward to us, but rather—"whosoever would become great among you, shall be your minister, and whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all."

With the future comes the opportunity for service and the responsibility to grasp it. Now, what are we to do? John Fiske, the historian, in a tribute which he pays to the Quakers, which I think gives the keynote of our message, says of George Fox: "The basis of his teaching was the belief that each soul is, in religious matters, answerable not to its fellows, but to God alone, without priestly meditation; because the Holy Spirit is immediately present in every soul, and is thus a direct cause of illumination. From this central belief flowed two important practical consequences, both essentially modern. One was complete toleration; the other was complete equality of human beings before the law."

"Complete toleration and complete equality before the law!" What could better express our Quaker message? How simple it is! God is present with each one of us. His indwelling Spirit is in our hearts; it speaks directly to us, without any ceremony or organization, and without any mediation to come between. Therefore we are all brothers—a complete brotherhood of man. What could be more simple—God and man—making us brothers?

From that, it seems to me, follows all our practical work—all of our Friends' principles, and all of our social endeavor. When George Fox grasped that thought two hundred and fifty years ago, he was ahead of his time. That is why he was not accepted. Now the time has caught up to us; so that when Friends stand for complete equality they are not in revolt against their time, but in harmony with the general direction of it. Therefore, I would say that while it was our first mis-

sion to be opposers of what other people were thinking and doing—to be a peculiar sect, set apart—now our opportunity and our responsibility is the same as that of all Christian people. It is simply the bringing of the Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth.

Now let us make a few practical applications. First of all, are we aware how much the practice of our everyday life depends upon our thinking? It was said this morning, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." I had the privilege this summer of going to the Friends' National Peace Conference at Winona Lake. If I learned one thing there it is this: It makes little practical difference whether President Wilson calls a conference of neutrals; whether we pass this particular crisis in our international affairs; whether we set up at the close of the war a league of all the nations to maintain peace; or whatever practical solution we make of the present problem. It makes little difference. We shall still continue to suffer from war uness we change the undercurrent of thought, both of our people in America and throughout the world. As long as we believe that force is the only ultimate defense, so long we shall have war. But when we come to believe that there is a higher way; that there is a stronger power than force; that love and brotherhood are not only God's way, but a more effective way to live in relation to our fellowmen—then shall we get the one sure defense against invasion.

It seems to me that it is one of the most pressing responsibilities upon Friends. We must re-make our own thought and philosophy, and we must do it speedily, for the crisis is at hand.

Take another example, in the field of property. We pray, "Thy Kingdom Come;" we profess that we intend to obey God; we say that our lives are in stewardship for Him; and yet, is that the undercurrent of our thought? Or are we living for ourselves? Why, friends, half of our law in this country is for the protection of private property, and not for the welfare of human beings. We profess that we are stewards of God's property, for His Glory and His Kingdom; but we really think, "This is my particular property, and it is my right to do with it what I please."

Now let me draw your thought to a few practical applications. I would there were time to go over them all, except that it would be tiresome. I think it has been better for us to fix our minds on the central thought—the essential brotherhood and equality of man. Each one of you can work out that thought in your own particular field of interest in your own

way. We need merely get the fundamental thought—God's Word coming to each of us, making us brothers—and apply that thought to each of our lines of social and philanthropic work.

The application is easy to the question which is stirring the country at the polls this fall. If God speaks to women as well as to men, are they not to be considered the same in all of our affairs of government?

The application is just as easy to the old question of slavery. It was because the black man was as much a son of God in God's eyes as the white man that Friends believed he should not be a slave. Our interest in the welfare of the Negro is the logical result of our thought for the slave. The same thought applies to all other race problems—the Indian, the Chinese, and the immigrants from Southern Europe.

Friends have always stood for freedom—freedom of the slave, freedom of speech, freedom of conscience. Let us continue to stand for freedom until every vestige of slavery is gone—every vestige of slavery, whether it be the working girl, or the child in the mines, or the Italian peon. It may pinch the pocketbook when we apply it to modern practical problems, such as the minimum wage or child labor; but I think essentially the issue on which to fight it out is that of brotherhood. I think that it is in the industrial problem that our churches have possibly come farthest from doing their duty. We were told this morning that there were countless fishermen, carpenters and bricklayers among the great crowds who heard George Fox and accepted his teachings. Do we have that feeling of brotherhood with the men who do the muscular work of the world today—with the men who build the skyscrapers; with the men who dig the Panama Canal? Does the structural iron-worker feel at home in our churches? How many of them have we made welcome in our Friends' meetings during the past year? That is the real test of our brotherhood—does the other man feel it? Do we feel it ourselves?

Then consider the question of unemployment. There is plenty of work offered to every man on the farm this summer, but where is the floating laborer going to be next winter? Do we see the problem from his side? There is a real unemployment problem in the cities every winter. Have we done everything that is possible to solve it, to give every man an opportunity to do useful work? That is our opportunity and privilege, to face these problems honestly and solve them.

I might go through the list and mention all the other problems of modern social work, every one of which presses

more severely on the workingman, on the wage-earner dependent upon others for employment, than upon the professional and farming people who make up the rank and file of the Society of Friends.

There is the problem of infant mortality in the cities, which someone has said is the index to our civilization. There is the campaign against tuberculosis; the campaign against poverty—all of our modern social problems, to be worked out on the theory of fellowship and brotherhood. The same spirit should animate our dealing with the criminal and the conduct of our prisons and reformatories.

I would like to see our temperance work carried out on exactly this same plan. Let us work for freedom for the individual to live his life in brotherhood. If we can remove those oppressive influences which drag a man down, I have confidence in the innate goodness of every man that he will live a normal, straight life. Let us give him freedom from the traffic which ensnares him. Then the words "freedom" and "liberty" will be on the side of the temperance people, rather than on the side of the saloon.

How simple, then, is the message! All of our practical work is merely an expression of the brotherhood which God has given us,—a working out in everyday life of the thought that God has put His Spirit in each of us; has made each one a son of God, in order that we may live in harmony with Him, and in brotherhood with each other. (Applause.)

PERSONAL REFERENCES AND INCIDENTS

By Truman Cooper, Avondale, Pa.

At the time when the New England Colonies were resisting the efforts of France to secure their possessions, and in the South Spanish soldiers were likewise abusing the settlers, we find that in Southeastern Pennsylvania the Quakers were busy clearing away the forests—were learning to love their neighbors the successors to Lord Baltimore over the border, and were building pleasant habitations for themselves and posterity.

During this period, 1744, was born in New Garden Township, Chester County, Pa., to Jonathan and Rebecca Lindley, a son, Jacob, who as his life advanced to mature years grew to be a man of large stature—muscular build—with a voice of great depth.

As a minister of the Gospel he was regarded as a wonderful and striking example of how the Divine power is sometimes manifested through the agency of finite beings. His body, soul and spirit seemed to enter into his sermons. He was a member with Friends his entire life at this place, and within these walls much of the quickening influence of his preaching was felt, awakening many a "lukewarm" spirit to the necessity of repentance. He actively, even at that early period, opposed human slavery, and was widely known to be the friend of the aboriginal Indian, over whom he exerted a remarkable influence. This fact was so well known that in 1791, when several Indian tribes in the vicinity of Detroit had become restless and warlike, Jacob Lindley, with five other Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, in conjunction with three military commissioners, were sent by the United States Government to soothe the ruffled feelings of the then Western Indian.

Again, in 1797, Jacob Lindley left home near the beginning of winter on horseback, in company with some others, for Canada, their object to give Christian cheer and comfort to a small band of Friends who removed there from Chester Co. We must not overlook the fact that one hundred and eighteen years ago a trip to Canada did not partake of the luxuries of Pullman sleepers and first-class hotel fare. It meant long and weary days in the saddle over mountainous country, upon little trodden highways, and the fording of deep rivers. Nights

had to be passed cold and drenched with no protection save that afforded by a projecting rock or a fallen tree, for just these hardships were met and overcome in safety by these self-sacrificing men. It was a journey of *duty*, and in fact, wherever was the call to duty there was Jacob Lindley found. He was a close student of human nature, and so far as record and tradition serve to enlighten us was a man gifted with wonderful spiritual discernment.

He married Hanna Miller, his first wife, in 1783, who was also a minister possessed of marvelous inspiring power. An incident of Jacob making the acquaintanceship of Hanna is rather amusing. They were both young, at meeting in this house one First-day morning, Jacob cast his eyes with much pleasure upon the comely form and the sweet and winsome face of Hanna! They were strangers! How was he to become acquainted—the question was an all-absorbing one to him—later in the day he rode to the Miller plantation, now known as the Joel Pusey estate, adjoining the Borough of Avondale, and made careful inquiry if a bundle of papers that had passed by way of the Lindleys to its destination at the Miller mansion had arrived in safety? This was before the days of the "big dailies" or rural mail deliverer. Jacob's purpose seems to have worked out nicely, he was "invited in," took supper, and ere long a marriage followed. Upon the wedding day, James Miller (Hanna's father) took his daughter by the hand, led her to his young son-in-law's side, and said: "Here, Jacob, is thy little bundle of *papers*, take it, and take good care of it." The subsequent *home* of Jacob and Hanna Lindley was noted for its kindness to strangers, and was regarded as an ideal of hospitality. It was remarked by one who had shared its comfort and shelter, that in one respect "the Lindley house is like the Kingdom of Heaven. No *profession* or complexion is excluded."

It is recorded that Jacob Lindley was one day riding on horseback near this place, when he was overtaken by a rain storm; he sought shelter under the sheds a few yards to the rear of us; as can be observed they are contiguous to the graveyard. His mind was filled with recollections of the many worthy ministers of the Gospel and other valued Friends whose bodies had been laid at rest almost at his feet. His feelings gave way, and his powerful voice broke the silence with the words of Addison:

"How are thy servants blessed, O Lord,
How sure is their defence,
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help-Omnipotence."

It so happened just then that a countryman was hurrying down the road we see before us. He heard with consternation those words. He believed a spirit of the departed had awakened, and with spurs to his horse dashed madly from the spot. Jacob observed the actions of the passer-by, and comprehending the cause, called after him in that same earnest tone this only intensified the fears of the fleeing man, whom, tradition says, at three miles away neither the speed of the horse nor the terror of the rider had abated.

Some time after the Revolutionary war, the government was considering the advisability of appropriating the Tunesassa Indian Reservation of New York and compelling the natives to go elsewhere. The Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting desired to prevent this. Joshua Sharpless, (great grandfather of Joshua, Joseph and John Sharpless of this neighborhood) and Jacob Lindley had the matter to look after. They had gone on the long journey to central New York by horseback; on their way they came to a stream of water that was dangerously deep. Joshua was endeavoring persistently to ford the swollen stream while Jacob looked on. Finally Jacob Lindley shouted to his companion in stentorian tones, "Joshua, if thee goes and is drowned, I shall preach thy funeral sermon, and I shall say *'As a fool died, so died Joshua.'*"

On First-day morning, Sixth Month 12, 1814, Jacob Lindley was engaged in the deliverance at this house of a most impressive testimony. Near its close he intimated his impression that one person within his hearing "would never see the light of another day," perhaps he added: "It may be myself." During the afternoon of the same day, in company with his daughter, the vehicle in which they rode came in contact with the fence by the side of the road, near Kennett Square, and the subject of this sketch fell to the ground and expired almost instantly, and thus ended the mortal life of a most notable minister and self-sacrificing Christian.

A very remarkable coincidence is that on the afternoon of the 12th of 6 mo., 1814 (the day upon which Jacob Lindley passed away), while at home in Burlington, N. J., Sarah Dillyn observed her husband, George Dillyn, sitting with an agonized expression of countenance so as to create in her alarm. In answer to her question as to the cause, he said: "Jacob Lindley is *deceased,* and my spirit has accompanied his spirit to the gate of the Kingdom." Burlington is in N. J., more than fifty miles distant from either New Garden or the place where Jacob Lindley died.

During the two hundred years of Friends in New Garden

have appeared and labored in the service of the Master, many others equally earnest and whose mission may have been just as effective in the restoration of human souls, worthy men and women, the study of whose lives and services would tend to spiritually strengthen and enlighten.

Enock Lewis was a teacher of much renown; he conducted a boarding-school for advanced young men, at what is now the William Wollerton farm, one-half mile east of us. A local history, compiled by Walton & Moore (two of our ex-county superintendents of public instruction) makes reference to this school "in New Garden, 1808 to 1824, as remarkable for the mathematical impetus it gave its pupils, and its influence yet lingers in Chester Co." Some of the forefathers of those of this gathering today no doubt shared the pleasure of the approving smile as well as the fear of the stern frown of this grand old instructor. In Futhey & Cope, we find—Enock Lewis when quite a young man, and a teacher at a boarding-school at West Town, was well acquainted with the law relating to the rendition of slaves, and was frequently called upon in behalf of colored persons claimed as fugitives from labor. In each case he exerted himself to the utmost to prevent free persons from being carried off as slaves, and his success on such occasions was valuable in keeping justices who usually favored the claimants to the strict line of their duty. The residence of Enock Lewis at New Garden was long a station in the Underground Railroad during the time of Isaac Jackson, its former owner, and it continued to be so for many years afterward (although Enock did not approve of slaves being given encouragement to leave their masters, and thought no general good would be derived from it), yet if a fugitive sought a temporary asylum beneath his roof or a helping hand, when fleeing from slavery, his claim to hospitality and charitable aid was never denied. If slaves were closely pursued, a horse and carriage were promptly furnished to convey them to a safe distance.

One evening his home was visited by a slave who had run away from the far South. This runaway was a preacher and had great faith in God's protecting care. He was carefully hid in a cave in the neighborhood by the side of a running stream of water; the night was far spent and all was quiet, when the old Negro became uneasy and he narrated afterward, "Somethin' said 'Get up outer heah and run.'" He obeyed the inward feeling, left the cave, traveled up the stream a few paces, and crawled upon the limb of a tree in sight of the little cave. "Just as I got fixed, lyin' straight out on that

big limb, I saw Massa an' a dozen more on hoss back, an' de dogs yelpin' right up to be cave, whar de spec' to find this old darkey. De dogs howled and de men stamp around and pass right by my tree. De *moon* purty bright, but de same good spirit what tell me to get away from de cave, wouldn't let 'em see me dar—alyin' on dat limb like a *coon*."

Thomas Lamborn, a young Friend of the neighborhood, exemplied to some extent the worth of Enock Lewis as a mathematical instructor. Soon after leaving school he, having acquired some knowledge of astronomy, calculated a number of eclipses years ahead, and about 1835 the "Transit of Venus," which occurred Twelfth Month 6, 1882. He lived to see the wonderful planetary movement, which occurred at the very time he had calculated it should, nearly fifty years before.

George W. Taylor, as many of us remember, was a man who carried out to the letter, in his life, the truths he advocated; he was, perhaps, the last of Enock Lewis's pupils to be remembered by us personally. He was a man of learning, 'n-tegrity and worth. He was from early life a pronounced advocate of Women's Suffrage both by word and pen. He re-regard with abomination the perpetuation of human slavery; he was one of the founders of the Free Produce Association of Friends, and was Secretary of the organization during its entire existence, or from 1847 to the emancipation of slaves in the United States. He conducted in Philadelphia for seventeen years a Free Produce Store, wholly supplied with and carrying only such line of goods as were usually the product of slave labor. George W. Taylor was a poet of no small ability and was a personal friend of John Greenleaf Whittier. His home in early life and for nearly twenty years near its close was at the farm, now the home of Morris Smith—he died in 1891 in Philadelphia, aged eighty-seven years.

Edra Michener, medical doctor, poet, botanist and scientist, was born near the site of the Borough of West Grove in 1794. He studied medicine and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1818. Four years later he settled with his wife in New aGrden, where for upwards of forty years he was regarded as a medical practitioner of great ability and skill. The remaining twenty-five years of his life were devoted entirely to scientific and literary work. It has often been said there was "no better authority on subjects relating to botany" in America than Dr. Michener. When quite a young man he traversed on horseback much of the State of Ohio in quest of rare plant specimens. He was quite a voluminous and versatile writer, and investigated a large number of subjects, often

in a most critical manner. He was throughout his entire mature years an aggressive advocate of "total obstinence;" he died at his comfortable home, which was surrounded by an acre plot of *rare* trees and shrubbery, one-quarter of a mile north of us, now the home of his grandson, Ezra J. Webster. His death occurred in 1887 in his ninety-third year.

You have probably heard of the old New Garden Lyceum House. Well, that building and surroundings are now in the best of repair. It stands nearly opposite the gateway to the Enock Lewis property; in fact, the one-qquarter acre of ground where it is situated was given by Enock Lewis during the first half of the last century with the view that a public hall should be erected "thereon." The public-spirited men and women of the neighborhood soon had the structure, 30x40 feet in size, completed, and though there was nothing in this to connect this public edifice with the Friends' Meeting at New Garden, yet nearly all those who aided and carried the project forward were members of one or the other of the New Garden Meetings. It was the only place within a radius of many miles, at the time of its inception, where public gatherings could be held, for the discussion (free and unhampered) of the live topics of the day. For a score or more of years this Lyceum Hall was the scene of spirited debates, lectures, educational gatherings and social functions by those who assembled beneath its roof. The period immediately preceding the Civil War was one of particular activity about this old public centre. It was a veritable school of "oratory," but the day of rural debating schools is past. The building for the last forty-one years has been devoted to the holding of elections and other municipal purposes.

On the nineteenth of Second Month, 1884, Sharpless Moore and George Thompson, the last survivors of the original Board of Trustees—or Lyceum Committee, as they were termed—conveyed the property to the township of New Garden ("its heirs and assigns forever"), in fee simple.

Since the days of the big navies and public defences, Friends are not supposed to be eager for place in public life, but those at New Garden one hundred years ago on the contrary occupied seventy-five per cent. of all the municipal offices. Economy must have been observed almost to an alarming extent, as an example—The (approximately speaking) forty miles of ye public highways were maintained by the expenditure of the meagre sum of $449.26—kept in condition good enough to satisfy our ancestors—whose minds were rich in their own contentment.

Friends of today are decidedly oposed to their members taking recourse to law in the settlement of their differences.

So they were long ago. In fact, the *legal gentlemen* were not held in great favor then. For said Isaac Jackson to a nephew who was about to engage in the study of *law;* "I would rather thou was't preparing thyself to be a*chimney* sweep than a lawyer." Seventy-five or one hundred years in the past, a line fence dispute was a very much more common occurrence than at the present time, and when two of the attenders at New Garden Meeting were at variance on account of this very thing, and their neighborly feelings were sorely disturbed, a "committee" appeared one morning at the disputed corner, and the vexed question as to where that fence should stand was soon settled to the apparent satisfaction of all, but Thomas Ellicott, one of the parties at issue, in order to make the agreement emphatic, as well as everlasting, was on hand with three pairs of strong oxen, harnessed to an immense timber wagon, beneath which was swung a huge native boulder, and at once that stone was placed right there in position that "That corner should never again go wrong," and that same shaft can be seen from the trolley line near the western border of Avondale, as a monument to the efficacy of common sense when aiding others to settle their differences—"when they arise."

Seventy-five years ago, one day, Jacob Lamborn, a Justice of the Peace, in conversation with Deborah Hoopes, told her he had been turned out of Meeting because he was a "Democrat;" she replied, "Now, Jacob, thee needn't tell me that, I know too much about Friends' discipline—Come, come, now, what was thee turned out for, anyway?" "Well," said Jacob, "they turned me out for *betting* on the *election*, and that clock there," nodding his head towards a fine old grandfather's clock, which stood in the corner of the sitting-room, "is what I won on that election bet." This wager was concerning the Harrison campaign of 1840, and strange to say, although the Lamborn homestead several times changed ownership—was forty years entirely out of the family and name—and again for the last thirty years has been in the ownership of Josiah Lamborn, a direct descendant of the original family of *that* name, yet that clock has never changed its position in that same house, and ticks with each second of time, and peals forth a joyous ring as the hours go by, just as clear as it did in the days of "Old Tippecanoe, and Tyler, too."

One object, one relic of centuries gone, still stands before our eyes. Beneath the shade of yonder mighty oak, that old *horse-block* speaks in language more plain by far than pen or bard of the days of long ago. In that humble old stone structure we read volumes of the past. Here the pride of youthful

yeomanry was wont to display his gallantry—to be met, as she mounted her steed, by the blushing cheek and love-lit eyes of the maiden blithe and fair. From its height was resumed the joyous march when the nuptial*knot* was tied, and the turf about its base for two hundred years has been trod by the sad-faced —and mournful—as the form of some dear one has been borne in silence to the tomb.

FORCES THAT ARE MAKING FOR UNITY IN THE CHURCHES

By John Mason Wells, Kennett Square

THE presiding officer, in introducing me, kindly put on the "reverend" for my benefit; but when I am among Friends I am a Friend, and am known as Mason Wells.

I count it a great privilege to be numbered with the Friends on their various great occasions. I entered into a little competition some weeks ago in writing an article that was asked for. My article was unsigned, like the others, and when the judges came to look them over, they rejected mine, on the ground that it was suitable only for a Quaker gathering. (Laughter). And the judges do not know the joke yet.

My subject is: "Some Forces that are Making for Denominational Unity." I am reminded as I attempt to speak on this all-important subject of one of the dramatic pictures in the Book of Ezekiel. In one of his picturesque chapters Ezekiel describes how the dry bones lying about in a certain valley are transformed into a mighty nation. He pictures, in his realistic way, how he walked out in this valley, and it was filled with dry bones, and he says, "There were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry." Jehovah says to him: "Can these bones live?" With perplexity he looks about and says: "O Lord Jehovah, Thou knowest," and then Jehovah says to him, "Prophesy and say that these bones shall live; that sinews shall come upon them; that flesh shall cover them; that skin shall bind them together, and that the breath of Jehovah shall enter them and they shall live." The prophet obeys, and while he is prophesying, suddenly there is a mighty earthquake and the bones come together, bone to bone and the sinews hold them, and the flesh covers them, and the skin is about them, and then there is a wind, and the breath of Jehovah enters them, and they live—a mighty nation.

As I think of the denominational conditions as they exist today, I am reminded of this valley of dry bones. The fragments of the Church of Christ are very many; they are scattered in divers directions, and sometimes, like the Prophet, I think they are very dry.

Are there any indications that these fragments will ever

be brought together; that the prayer of our Lord, "that they may be one, even as we are,"—is there any indication that this prayer will ever be answered? As one looks out and takes a view of the conditions of the denominations today in this great country, the outlook is not very optimistic. You can find churches of all kinds—the small and the great, the white and the black, the high and the low, the orthodox and the heterodox, the Christian and the pagan, the Catholic and the Protestant, the liberal and the conservative, the Trinitarian and the Unitarian—and if there are any others they can be found in this country. (Laughter).

We have great freedom in this land of ours. One can live in any number of fifty states; he can live in them all if he wants to, one at a time. He has the same liberty in matters of religion; in fact, he has a greater opportunity. He can belong to any one of 130 denominations. He can belong to them all if he wants to belong to them one at a time. If he desires to be a pagan, he can worship in many kinds of temples, all in this great country of ours. If he is a Jew he can be of the orthodox, the heterodox, or the liberal kind. If he is a Christian he can belong to 120 denominations. If he believes in being a Friend he can belong to any one of four kinds of Friends. If he wants to be an Adventist he can be six kinds of an Adventist. He can be seven kinds of a Catholic; twelve kinds of a Presbyterian; thirteen kinds of a Baptist; sixteen kinds of a Lutheran, and seventeen kinds of a Methodist! (Laughter).

We believe in variety, and we have variety when it comes to matters of religion. But, my friends, we are realizing that this variety in matters of religion is a variety that exists to our shame, and we are asked today, Are there any indications of a union of the denominations? and I answer that there are some indications of such a union, and I think the indications are very strong. I have been asked to speak for fifteen minutes this afternoon. I suppose I shall overrun my time, but I shall try not to overrun it to any great degree. So I want to speak in a suggestive way instead of attempting to be comprehensive.

I want to say that the practical demands that are being made upon Christianity at this hour are the forces that are tending to unite the Church. We are not being drawn together, it seems to me, on a theoretical basis. The things that are binding us together (and there are many) are practical things —the demands that are being made upon Christianity—the needs that are facing us; the moral needs, the needs of a better

civilization, the needs of justice—national and international. Christianity in its essential and fundamental character is pressing upon the churches and is demanding that they unite their forces in order to accomplish the work and perform the tasks that lie before them.

I want to give an illustration this afternoon, because I think it is a very striking illustration of this kind of a uniting force. A few years ago the great country of Germany was divided into fragments. It was made up of a number of separate kingdoms and provinces, each jealous of the others. There were few indications that there ever would be a united Germany, until a great statesman was born in Prussia, by the name of Bismark. Bismark became more and more interested in a great German nation which could be formed only by uniting these provinces, together with Prussia. He worked out a method of accomplishing this and his method was successful. He saw that if the various provinces of Germany could face a common foe, that this would compel them to join hands; and so Bismark, because of the reflex benefit which he wanted Germany to derive, created three great wars for his people; first with Denmark, then with Austria, and finally with France. He was successful. The war that faced these various units of Germany caused them to join hands. Bismark used the opportunity, and he cemented these temporarily co-operating parts into a great nation, which at the time of his death, was a world-power.

I suppose that the beneficial results that Bismark was able to get through war for Germany led to the German philosophy that war is a good thing in itself, and I hope the present terrible conflict will show that there is something false in that philosophy. But this is the illustration: that a common enemy has united various jealous provinces; and that is what is taking place in the Christian church. We are facing common foes and common needs are binding us together, until we are ceasing to emphasize our petty differences, the grounds on which our ancestors separated one from another.

If you look over the history of the church divisions you will realize that the divisions have grown out of a few matters. I started to say "great" matters, but they are not great matters. In the first place, the great division in the Methodist church took place on the matter of church government—should laymen be admitted into the government of the church, or should the government of the church rest simply with the bishops and the elders. On that controversy the Protestant Episcopal church had its first great division. In fact, this question, based

on some fanciful distinction between Christian laymen and Christian ministers, has caused many church divisions.

Another thing that has divided the churches is the question of color. Many of our denominations divided in the great Civil War on the question of slavery—those for slavery, and those against it. Then there have been petty quarrels and misunderstandings that have divided the church. Liberal and conservative views of theological questions have divided us. These are the main points, as you look over the history of the church, that hav,e caused the separations. No one of these points ought to have caused a division. At the present hour there are liberal and conservative people in the same church, worshipping together with perfect freedom and frankness. The slavery question was a moral issue, and ought not to have divided any denomination. The petty misunderstandings that confront us in life ought not to have caused divisions. In fact, if we face a great foe and if we are trying to meet a great need, these petty matters will sink into the background and will cease to be walls of separation. This is what is taking place at this very hour; we refuse to be divided into small segments over petty matters. We feel that the great, vast problems of Christianity are so important that we cannot afford to weaken our forces over these insignificant questions.

You look about you and the most obvious thing that is drawing the denominations together in this age is the combined evangelistic effort. This is true not only of the great evangelistic efforts led by Billy Sunday, but in meetings where other men have led.

(The Presiding Officer: Take your time; you are just wearing yourself out.

Mr. Wells: Can I have all the time I want?

Presiding Officer: We will give you more time than was allotted to you.

Mr. Wells: Thank you.)

I was saying that the most obvious thing that is uniting the denominations in the present age is the great evangelistic efforts. You see in these evangelistic movements, all the churches joining hands for weeks, sometimes for months. They work together; they give together, and they serve together as one united corps.

This means that we are laying the emphasis upon the interpretation of the gospel in its practical utility to mankind and that we are seeking to apply the gospel to the needs of human life; and when we do this we are willing to join hands and forget the minor issues of life.

Then there is another thing that is uniting the church at the present hour, and that is the need that faces us in such places as New Garden and Kennett Square—the rural opportunities. We are beginning to appreciate our rural field. We are realizing that the great characters, the great personalities that take the leadership in national matters and in social matters are, to a large degree, made in the country, but we cannot make great characters in the country when we have not the force back of us in our Christian work. You know, as I know, that the great thing that puts impetus into the soul of a young man is a mighty ideal. You know that for these great ideals artists have been willing to go on half rations of food. You know that because of some absorbing ideal the great reformers have entirely overcome physical disability. And you realize that it is the great ideal that makes a man count everything else of small importance.

But we are not in a position to charge the souls of our young people with mighty, masterful ideals unless we have certain great personalities with whom they come in contact; and we cannot build those great personalities when we are divided and are conflicting and struggling over minor matters. The churches in the rural sections have, as you know, sunk in many cases to organizations which are doing nothing except to exist. To maintain their own organization they are almost forced to be selfish. Many of these churches have so small a constituency, and so little money to use that they must all the time be giving peach festivals, or concerts, or something else, not for purposes of social uplift, but to get money enough to eke out an existence and pay the pastor and the running expenses. The result is there is no energy left to be used in the service of the community and in the mightier things that ought to take our attention and energy.

Why is this? You know why it is. We have three or four churches in Kennett Square. We do not differ a hair's breadth in theology, I suppose. Probably the most of them are right in their theology. If they agree with me I know they are right! (Laughter). I think most of the people in Kennett agree with me regarding the fundamental needs of the present hour—the social and the political and the personal needs. I think the various churches in Kennett Square are emphasizing about the same things; but we have weakened ourselves by our little divisions. Some of us do not know why the divisions are there, or what created them; but they are there, and we have become weakened in our efforts and are not able to im-

part those great ideals to the souls of men that we could impart if we were working unitedly.

I do not know whether the rest of you believe in an organic unity in the Christian church. Some folks say that the unity they talk about is a co-operative unity. I do not believe in that kind of unity when we can get something better. I think the aim the Christian church ought to have before it this hour is not simply co-operation; we have co-operation, but we need something mightier, and that is a corporate unity in which we stand together, in which we worship together, and serve together and lift our hearts in prayer together. I believe we ought to work for that kind of unity. I think that kind of unity is needed in the rural section, that we may impart the religion and the ideals of the Master in some fundamental and striking way.

Some of you are familiar with the book by Gill and Pinchot on "The Country Church," in which they give a careful analysis of the religious conditions of two counties, one county in the state of Vermont and the other in the state of New York. They give a picture that is not very inspiring. Their study covers a period of twenty years and during this time the churches have gradually declined. The attendance has grown less, the ministers have become more and more poorly equipped for their work and the influence of the churches upon the surrounding community has grown gradually less. There is one church in Windsor County, Vermont, which is an exception. While others have declined it has grown strong. While others have depended upon periodic revivals it has applied the Gospel all the months of the year and to the varied needs of the people. It has dared to be unselfish in its work. Its constant question has been, not how can I surpass a rival church, but how can I be of more service to the people? It has worked for civic betterment; it has taken an interest in the lives of the boys and girls, not of the church only, but of the community; it has had a Christmas celebration for all the people and it has asked for no praise or glory in return. In thus manifesting the spirit of Jesus the church has grown both in numbers and in influence.

Too often our rural churches are actuated by selfish motives. We sometimes cast our bread upon the water but during the process we are wondering how many days will pass before it will return to us in multiplied quantity.

The rural problems are driving the conscientious churches of the towns and country-sides into an increasing measure of co-operation, and in some cases into union. May this spirit

grow from more to more until our present divisions shall exist only on the pages of history.

The third great force that is making for unity is found in the tremendous social needs that are pressing upon us and the great social problems demanding our attention as churches and as communities. This social ideal of the gospel is modern. Our work in religion for many generations has been almost entirely individualistic. We have tried to save souls out of the world; we have not tried to save the world itself. We have tried to drag here and there an individual out of the mudpuddle, instead of trying to dry up the mudpuddle. Today we are trying to do a larger work. We are seeking not simply to save individuals here and there out of the world, grand as that work may be, but we are seeking to purify the whole world itself. As we are doing this great work we are faced with tremendous social problems and needs. Great writers like Washington Gladden, Walter Rouschenbusch, Scott Nearing, and others are writing upon this phase of Christianity at this hour. They are picturing to us the needs of the home, to save it from the inroads that are being made by the present materialism. They are picturing to us the needs of childhood, that every child may be given a chance in this great nation of ours. They are picturing to us the housing conditions of the cities; they are picturing to us the condition of the colored man in the South; they are picturing to us the condition of the Indian in the West; they are telling us that we are faced by these great social problems. And they are asking us as Christian people to do something to make the homes of our land better; to do something to banish the saloon from the country; to do something to establish peace upon the face of the earth; to do something to lift the moral condition of our children; to destroy the hovels and the brothels that breed immorality and crime. And as we face this great social need of the hour we are made to realize that no single denomination is adequate to this work and no single church has the solution of these problems; that that which is common to us all is the great need of the people. The things that we hold separately are not the things that solve the social problems or meet the social needs. The Presbyterian church, or the Baptist church or the Friends' Meeting do not any of them hold the special word that needs to be spoken. We, altogether, in the broad, simple fundamentals of the gospel, have the Bread of Life. As we appreciate the fact that we, together, in our common gospel, have the thing that the world needs in its social conditions, we will realize the importance of drawing together instead of widening the breaches that are separating us.

My friends, here in our rich and beautiful country are cesspools of iniquity; here are gigantic social wrongs; here are political corruptions; here is wickedness in high places; here is materialism pressing its claims upon the hearts and minds of the people; and the need is Christianity. Not the particular kind of Christianity that my denomination holds, distinct from the kind of Christianity that your denomination holds, but the need is the kind of Christianity that we hold in common—the Christianity that loves and helps and serves and fights for truth and righteousness.

And as we are facing this common need that appeals to the fundamental gospel that we hold in common, we are led to clasp hands and call each other "brother" and refuse to quarrel over petty issues and refuse to make wider the breaches that have up to this hour separated us as Christian churches. (Applause).

The fourth and last great force that is drawing us together is the world-need, and the world-need is very great and of a varied character. One hesitates to say that we have made any progress in meeting the needs of the world, taken as a whole. Almost anything that we can say seems to be refuted by the actual conditions that now exist in Europe. We seem to have sunk back into barbarism—back into the old methods where might makes right instead of righteousness winning by its own force. Nevertheless, I do believe that we have made progress in meeting the great world's need, and that that progress has drawn us together as a Christian church.

I suppose the union of the denominations has made greater advancement in India and China than it has in the United States of America. As the different missionaries have gone to these countries they have realized that the needs of these people are the simple needs of purity and strength of character and love for one another and brotherhood and the consciousness that God can help them in the sorrow, work and joys of life; and these are not things that are peculiar to any denomination. And as the missionaries have come face to face with the needs of the Orient, they have refused to spend their energy in teaching the catechisms of this or that denomination. They have come into personal contact with great actual needs—needs in the home life, needs in the city life, needs of every kind that have to do with personal character and social living. And as the missionaries have seen this, many of them have refused to do their work along sectarian lines. In many parts of China and India and Japan, the sectarian hospitals have

given way to interdenominational hospitals. Sectarian schools, in which have been taught the rudiments of education and the fundamentals of Christianity, have given place, one after another, to large union schools; so that American missionaries are teaching the men and women who go out to preach the gospel among their brethren in schools and colleges which are simply Christian. In many parts of these countries denominational names do not appear over the churches. The word "Christian" is enough.

The appeal from the foreign field has come back to the home churches with great force. They are calling us to get together, to cease wasting our funds on unnecessary boards and officers, and to realize the greatness of the work that they are trying to do. This influence has been very important, and we now see the denominations co-operating through their boards. I receive pamphlets from the Student Volunteer Movement asking for men for this or that field. It is the non-sectarian Student Volunteer band, as well as the denominations, that is asking for trained men and women to fill important positions.

This missionary work, which is growing more and more united, has been the mighty force that has stopped the burning of widows in India; that has banished much of the opium traffic in China; that is doing away with the liquor traffic in Africa. It is this united effort of Christianity that has been able to cope with these larger needs, and has been able to meet them in some adequate way.

I say to you, my friends, that we, under these peaceful trees, in this beautiful spot, gathered together today to think of the past and to look forward into the future and to worship God with a united heart, need to think of the great war in Europe and to realize that that is only one of the problems that meet us; and if we are to meet this and other great needs in any sufficient way, we must meet it together. We must stand side by side; we must refuse to be divided over petty matters. We must put into the past the narrow things over which we have quarreled—the small matters by which we have been divided. We are worshipping one God. We are seeking to love one another. We are putting our hands to the plow to extend the kingdom of God until it shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea; and to do this we must stand together, and work together and pray together.

These are four forces that are making for unity in the Christian church: The demand for co-operation among the

churches for great evangelistic efforts; the call of the rural work, which is demanding of us the best quality of leadership and the strongest presentation of Christianity; the great social need, with its white slavery, with its rum traffic, with its opium hells, with its slum districts; and finally the great world call of heathenism, of social degradation, of wickedness, of hopelessness, and of a lost condition of life. These four needs are pressing upon us and are binding us together, and God is leading us on. (Applause).

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE

A concert exercise "Our Angel Side," was give by the members of the First Day School, conducted by Ethel P. Jefferis.

The huge, rough stones from out the mines,
  Unsightly, and unfair
Have veins of purest metal hid
  Beneath the surface there.
Few rocks *so bare*, but to their heights
  Some tiny moss-plant clings,
And on the peaks so desolate
  The sea-bird sits and sings.
Believe me, too, that rugged souls
  Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good,
  We've all our Angel side.

In all there is an inner depth
  A far-off secret way
Where through the windows of the soul,
  God sends his smiling ray.
In every human heart there is
  A faithful sounding chord
That may be struck, unknown to us,
  By some sweet loving word.
The wayward will in man may try
  Its softer thoughts to hide—
Some unexpected tone reveals
  It has an angel side.

Despised, and lone, and trodden down,
  Dark with the shades of Sin,
Deciphering not those halo lights
  Which God has lit within;

Groping about in endless night
  Poor poisoned souls they are,
Who guess not what life's meaning is
  Nor dream of heaven afar.
O, that some gentle hand of love
  Their stumbling steps would guide
And show them, that amidst it all
  Life has its Angel side.

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough
  God knows some natures are,
But *He,* compassionate, comes near,
  And shall we stand afar?
Our cruise of oil will not grow less
  If shared with hearty hand,
For words of peace, and looks of love
  Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror,
  Love is the beauteous guide,
Love, with her beaming eyes, can see
  We've all our Angel side.

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S. Muir Stroh
Harold Stubbs
Anna E. Stubbs
Ida E. Stubbs

J. Franklin Styer
Katharine R. Styer
Elizabeth P. Styer
Willard L. Styer
J. J. Styer
William W. Sullivan
Laura Lund Sullivan
Carrie Sullivan
Josephine Sullivan
Mrs. Charles Surgeson
Harriett Surgeson
Isaac W. Swayne
S. Lizzie Swayne
Madeleine Swayne
Clarence M. Swayne
C. Warren Swayne
Emaline D. Swayne
Sarah Swayne
Phebe Quarll Swayne
Charles S. G. Sweigart
Levis W. Taylor
Lillie J. Taylor
Hayes C. Taylor
Anna E. Taylor
William L. Thomas
Annie E. Thomas
Joshua Thomas
Annie J. Thomas
Helen S. Thomas
Charles Thomas
Sara Osmond Thomas
C. H. Thomas
John H. Thomas
Mary Anna L. Thomas
Fannie C. Thomas
Joseph D. Thomas
Mabel B. Thomas
Eleanor L. Thomas
Mary F. Thomas
Joseph D. Thomas, Jr.
Charles L. Thomas
Amy C. Thomas
Martha M. Thomas
Joseph W. Thomas
Raymond M. Thomas
Rachel C. Thomas
Mary L. Thomas
H. W. Thomas
Etta Girtler Thomas
Martha M. Thompson
J. Howard Thompson
Hannah R. Thompson
Theodore R. Thompson
Ruth M. Thompson
J. Howard Thompson, Jr.
Elizabeth Thompson
Laurence Thompson
Marian C. Thompson
Sarah Thompson
Laurence Thompson, Jr.
Mary B. Thompson
Beulah Thompson
Rachel D. Thompson
E. M. Thompson
Mrs. E. M. Thompson
Cora V. Thompson
Daniel Thompson
Albert L. Thompson
Alice E. Thompson
Elizabeth S. Thompson
Sarah M. Thompson
Henry Thompson
Elizabeth H. Thompson
Joshua Thompson
Annie L. Thompson
Lydia C. Thompson
Lewis Thompson
Mrs. J. Miller Thompson, Jr.
Esther A. Thompson
Edwin Seal Thompson
Emaline A. Thompson
Wm. H. Tomlinson
Mrs. Oliver D. Toot
Margaretta Townsend
S. Walter Townsend
Lillian M. B. Townsend
Bertha L. Trayner
Pearl W. Trayner
Mary H. Tudor
Sara T. Turner
Truman Wade
C. W. Wagner

Hannah W. Wagner
Charles F. Wagner
Leon C. Wagner
Josephine Barnard Walker
Anna T. Walker
John M. Walker
Alfred W. Walker
Esther Walker
Esther T. Walker
Helen F. Walker
H. C. Walker
Francis M. Walker
S. C. Walker
Esther D. Walker
William H. Walker
Mrs. W. H. Walker
Sarah Walter
Sharpless A. Walter
Ella T. Walter
Samuel M. Walter
Edward Walter
Eva C. Walton
Benjamin Walton
Emma T. Walton
Mary R. Walton
B. Orin Walton
Jane K. Walton
Brewer G. Walton
Hanna Walton
Nathan P. Walton
Minnie V. Walton
Vera Louise Walton
Warren C. Walton
Ellen H. Walton
E. Clara Walton
Joseph W. Walton
Reba B. Walton
Howard J. Walton
Z. Amy L. Walton
Walter M. Walton
J. Barnard Walton
Louise Haviland Walton
Sarah Ida Walton
Alban Walton
Emma Gilbert Walton
W. W. Walton
Annie G. Walton
Mildred E. Walton
Ellen P. Way
J. Allen Way
Rachie S. Way.
Charlotte Way
D. Herbert Way
Mary Heald Way
Catharine E. Webb
George Webb. Jr.
Hanna E. Webb
W. W. Webster
Mary E. M. Webster
Elizabeth M. Webster
Lukens Webster
Elizabeth N. Webster
William Webster
Elizabeth H. Webster
Warren Webster
Alice B. Webster
Jessie A. Webster
Elizabeth D. H. Webster
Samuel C. Webster
Mrs. Samuel C. Webster
Ezra J. Webster
Ellwood M. Webster
Davis J. Webster
Cynthia D. K. Webster
Myrtle Beatrice Webster
Beatrice F. Webster
William Webster
J. Mason Wells
Mary Mercer West
Kate D. West
W. A. Whittaker
Florence E. Whittaker
Benjamin F. Whitson
Annie M. Whitson
Charles Wickersham
S. Emma Wickersham
Mary E. Wickersham
Samuel G. Wickersham
Anna R. Wickersham
Mary J. Wickersham
C. F. Wickersham
Emma B. Wickersham

J. W. Wickersham
Martha C. Wickersham
W. Clifford Wickersham
Edgar C. Wickersham
Emma B. Wickersham
Harry J. Wickersham
Harriet Wickersham
Maude S. Wickersham
Mary Chandler Wildman
Emily Chandler Wildman
M. Winifred Wildman
Allen Comly Wildman
Clara Wilson Wildman
Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson
Francis P. Willets
Elizabeth P. Willets
Morris Wilson
Clara M. Wilson
James A. Wilson
Adelaide L. Wilson
Alexander M. Wilson
R. Emma Wilson
Percy S. Windle
Mrs. Percy S. Windle
J. Charles Windle
Mary R. Windle
T. Ellwood Wollaston
E. Jennie Wollaston
Harvey J. Wollaston
Nellie E. Wollaston
Joseph H. Wollaston
Ethel M. S. Wollaston
Minerva F. Wollaston
Percy E. Wollaston
Abbie W. Wollaston
Howard C. Wollaston
Ellen M. Wollaston
Pusey P. Wollaston
Emma T. Wollaston
Edwin J. Wollaston
Eva W. Wollaston
Pusey W. Wollaston
Mary Wollaston
Lawrence C. Wollaston
Mary B. P. Wood
James Wood
Elizabeth K. Wood
Martha C. Wood
Cora Wood
Albert M. Woodward
Hanna M. Woodward
Emma Worrell
Herbert P. Worth
W. Taylor Wright
M. Jennie Wright
Curtis Wrigley
Mrs. Curtis Wrigley
Alice Hoopes Yarnall
Howard E. Yarnall
Edward S. Yarnall
Margaret L. Yeatman
Marshall P. Yeatman
Abbie Q. Yeatman
Pennock J. Yeatman
Ruth D. Yeatman
Walter M. Yeatman
Lillian Starr Yeatman
Margaret Yeatman
Frances Yeatman
J. D. Yeatman
Rebecca F. Yeatman
Emma C. Yerkes
Florence Yerkes
Ella Yerkes
Mary S. Yerkes
Rebecca Yerkes
Elizabeth Yerkes
Mae G. Zell

LAND TITLES

By Gilbert Cope

FOR certain reasons William Penn decided that his children by his second wife, Hannah Callowhill, should succeed him as proprietors of Pennsylvania; and for the surviving children of his first wife, Gulielma Maria Springett, he made special provision by a grant of 50,000 acres of land.

It may be briefly stated that his first marriage took place April 4th, 1672, and he came to Pennsylvania in 1682, but returned to England in 1684. His second marriage took place Nov. 11, 1695, and with this wife he arrived again in Pennsylvania on Dec. 3, 1699; and on the 17th of 12th Mo. (February), 1699-1700, he issued a warrant for the survey of 30,000 acres of land for Letitia and William Penn, Jr., mostly in Chester County but partly in New Castle County, (now) Delaware, of which he was also proprietor. This survey included the greater part of Kennett and all of New Garden township, with about 12,000 acres in Delaware. The whole was divided into two parts by a north and south line, but for some reason Letitia received 1000 acres more than her brother. To each part was given the name of the Manor of Stenning, and the idea seems to have been that the grantees might lease the lands to settlers and still retain the ownership. This, however, they did not care to do, but from time to time appointed attorneys to dispose thereof to purchasers. It happened that the most of those who purchased the lands of William Penn, Jr., came from Ireland, and these brought the name of New Garden from their native land. Among them was John Miller, who came over in 1709, but did not obtain a deed until 1713. His death occurred the following year, and by his will he devised to his son Joseph the homestead, or north-eastern part of his purchase; to William he gave the western part with a mill, and to James the south-eastern part, containing 300 acres.

When the site for a meeting-house was agreed upon, James Miller and Ann his wife conveyed to certain trustees a plot of six acres, described thus:—Beginning at a stone, a corner of James Starrs land; thence by the same West twenty-nine perches to a stone; thence North by land of James Miller, thirty-three perches to a stone; thence East by James Miller's land twenty-nine perches to a stone; thence South by Thomas

Lightfoot's land thirty-three perches to the place of Beginning. The deed was dated 26th of 10th Mo., 1717, and the trustees were Simon Hadly, James Starr, Thomas Jackson and Michael Lightfoot. A later deed recites as follows:—

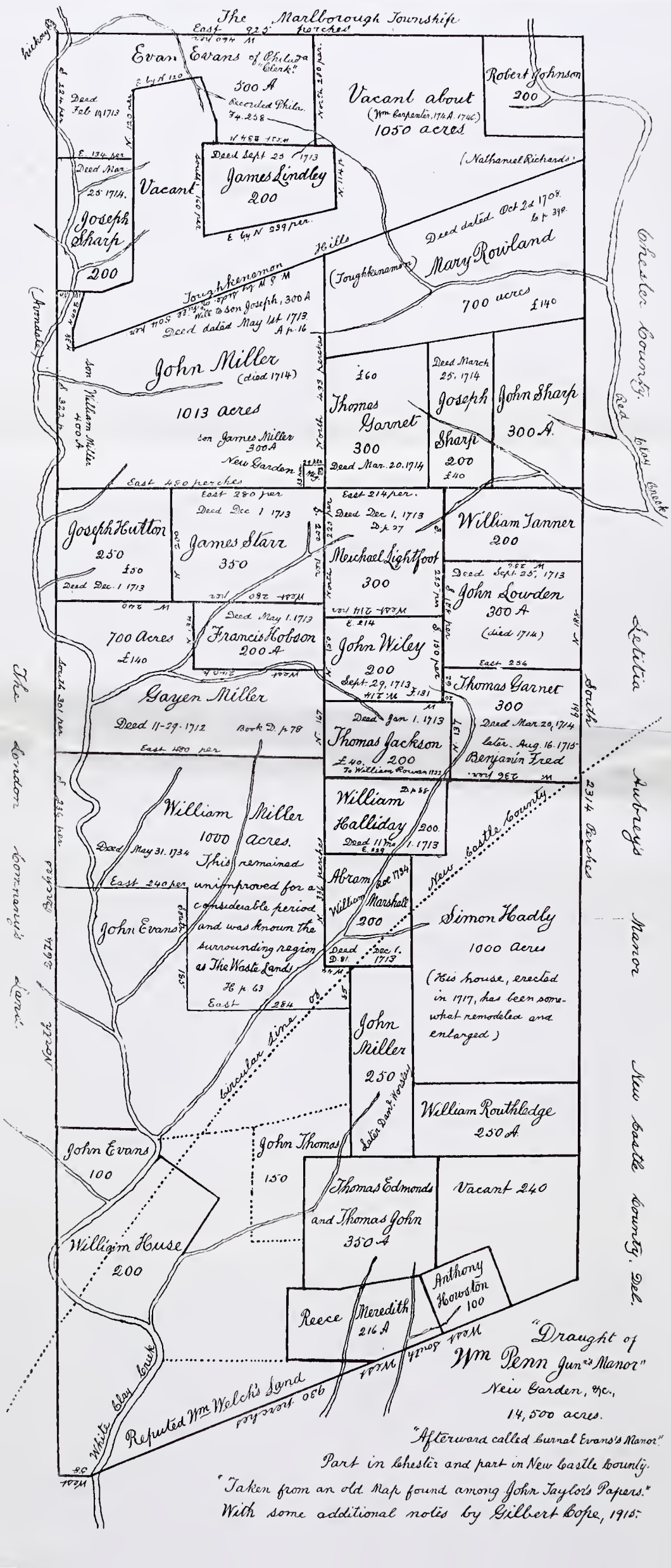
"And whereas the said Simon Hadly, James Starr, Thomas Jackson and Michael Lightfoot, by Deed Poll dated the twelfth of December, A. D., one thousand seven hundred and ninety (twenty?) three, under their hands and seals duly executed, did confess, acknowledge and declare that the said six acres of land with the appurtenances were so conveyed to them as Trustees in Trust for the use and benefit of the Monthly Meeting of New Garden of the religious Society of People called Quakers and did covenant and promise that they and the survivors and survivor of them and his heirs should and would hold and dispose thereof for the use aforesaid and in such manner as the said Monthly Meeting from time to time should order, Direct and appoint: But the said Simon Hadly, James Starr, Thomas Jackson and Michael Lightfoot are all long since deceased without having conveyed the said six acres of land and appurtenances to other trustees, the said Simon Hadly being the survivor of them and some of his heirs removed to Carolina and other distant parts and others not members of said Society: And whereas the said Society by their Petition having requested the aid of the Legislature to vest the said six acres of land with the appurtenances in certain other trustees in the said Petition named; whereupon the said Legislature of the Commonwealth did Enact that the said six acres of land, with all and every the appurtenances thereunto belonging, should be vested in John Philips, Isaac Richards, Jr., William Thompson, Thomas Hoopes, Halliday Jackson and Joseph Sharp, and the survivors and survivor of them and their heirs and assigns of the religious Society of the people called Quakers, belonging to the Monthly Meeting of New Garden aforesaid. Deed Book A. 5, p. 304.

The above mentioned Act of Assembly was passed Feb. 21, 1795.

The trustees might not sell any part of the meeting lands but they could do what was equivalent, lease it for 999 years, and those named in the Act of Assembly, by a deed dated 22d of 6th Mo. 1797, did lease to James Miller, son of the first grantor of the meeting land (who died in 1774), a triangular strip six perches wide at the N. W. corner of the meeting property and extending to a point 26 perches southward, containing 78 square perches of land.

And in the same deed James Miller granted to the trustees

The Marlborough Township
East 925 perches
224 094 11
This remained
unimproved for a
considerable period
East 240 per
Abram Roe 1794
William Marshall
Simon Hadly
Perches


The Marlborough Township
East 925 perches
Evan Evans of Philad.a "Clerk."
500 A
Recorded Phila. 74.258
Deed Feb 1 1713
Vacant about
(Wm Carpenter, 174 A. 1746.)
1050 acres
Robert Johnson
200
(Nathaniel Richards)
Deed Sept 25 1713
James Lindley
200
E by N 299 per.
Deed Mar. 25 1714.
Joseph Sharp
200
Vacant
Hills
Deed dated Oct 2d 1708. b p 398.
(Toughkenamon)
Mary Rowland
700 acres
£140
Toughkenamon
Will to son Joseph, 300 A
Deed dated May 1st 1713 A p. 16
John Miller
(died 1714)
1013 acres
son James Miller 300 A
New Garden
son William Miller 400 A
(Avondale)
£60
Thomas Garnet
300
Deed Mar. 20. 1714
Deed March 25. 1714
Joseph Sharp
200
£110
John Sharp
300 A.
East 480 perches
Joseph Hutton
250
£50
Deed Dec. 1 1713
James Starr
350
Deed Dec 1 1713
East 280 per
East 214 per.
Deed Dec 1. 1713
D. p. 27
Michael Lightfoot
300
William Tanner
200
Deed Sept. 25. 1713
John Lowden
300 A
(died 1714)
East 256
Deed May 1. 1713
Francis Hobson
200 A
700 Acres
£140
John Wiley
200
Sept. 29. 1713
£131
Thomas Garnet
300
Deed Mar. 20. 1714
later Aug. 16. 1715
Benjamin Fred
Gayen Miller
Deed 11-29-1712
Book D. p. 78
East 480 per
Deed Jan 1. 1713
Thomas Jackson
£40.
200
To William Rowan 1722
William Halliday
200.
Deed 11 mo 1. 1713
E. 239
William Miller
1000 acres.
This remained unimproved for a considerable period and was known the surrounding region as The Waste Lands
H p 63
Deed May 31. 1734
East 240 per
John Evans
Abram Marshall
200
Deed Dec 1. 1713
D. 81
Simon Hadly
1000 acres
(His house, erected in 1717, has been somewhat remodeled and enlarged.)
John Miller
250
Circular line
William Routhledge
250 A.
John Evans
100
John Thomas
150
Thomas Edmonds and Thomas John
350 A
Vacant 240
Willigim Huse
200
Reece
Meredith
216 A
Anthony Howston
100
Reputed Wm Welch's Land
White Clay Creek
Chester County
Red Clay Creek
Letitia
Aubrey's Manor
New Castle County, Del.
The London Company's Land
North 2674 Perches
"Draught of Wm Penn Jun.r's Manor"
New Garden, &c.,
14,500 acres.
"Afterward called Burnal Evans's Manor."
Part in Chester and part in New Castle County.
"Taken from an old Map found among John Taylor's Papers."
With some additional notes by Gilbert Cope, 1915.

an equal amount of ground on the north side of the meeting property, for the same term, thus described:—beginning at a stone in the Newport Road, thence south three and four-tenths perches to the northeast corner of the meeting land; thence westward by the same 23 perches to a stone—the northeast corner of the triangle above mentioned—thence by an extension of the new west line, three and a half per. northward to another stone; thence eastward, along the north side of the graveyard wall, 22 perches to the beginning. James Miller also granted a right of way from the N. W. corner of this addition, to the Newport Road, and at the same time reserved a plot two rods square, beginning four perches from the N. W. corner, for a family burial ground; all which is recorded in P2, of deeds, page 20. It would appear that the trustees had placed the graveyard wall above this addition before the lease was executed.

On 8th Mo. 2, 1844, Isaac Richards and Joseph Sharp, the survivors of the trustees last named, conveyed the trust to John Richards, Isaac Hoopes, Amos Barnard, Jeremiah Starr, Ellwood Michener and James Gawthrop.

On 5th Mo. 23, 1882, Ellwood Michener and James T. Gawthrop, the survivors, conveyed to George Webster, J. Walter Hoopes, Samuel Wickersham, Thompson Richards, Asahel Linvill and Charles T. Starr.

On Oct 8., 1907, Samuel Wickersham and Thompson Richards, the survivors of these last, conveyed to William F. Dowdall, Charles Parrish, Lawrence Thompson, H. Llewellyn Chandler, Thompson Richards and Samuel Wickersham.

The present trustees have secured a small addition at the S. W. corner in order to make the west line straight from beginning to end.

A road was laid out Feb. 1720-1, "from John Stroud's on ye West side of Marlborough to Mary Miller's Mill, (Avondale) thence to New Garden Meeting House to ye road formerly laid out from ye lime kilns to New Castle."

In 1733 the road from the meeting house southward was laid out to the line of New Castle County.

7235 1